YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

A. E. F. WANTS ACTION

See Page 3

MOVING UP . . . with a piano. Men attached to a U.S. Special Overseas Unit carry field piano to a bivouac where it's to be set up for a concert. Turn to page 8 for a story on our warrior showmen.

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SEATTLE REHEARSAL. Some 58,000 members of the Civilian Protection Forces of Seattle, Wash., participated in the city's biggest air raid drill. Here, a gas attack is simulated.

Zanuck Finds Alaskan Troops Tougher Than Humphrey Bogart

SEATTLE—"I'd rather fly to Berlin nightly than to Kiska once," said Col. Darryl Zanuck.

Since he finished producing Tyrone Power in "The Black Swan" and Gene Tierney and Preston Foster in "Thunderbird" and joined the Army to run the photographic section of the Signal Corps, the former Hollywood wonder boy has covered a lot of territory.

Last June, for instance, he bounced up in England and saw the British Commandos in action. Now he's just back from Alaska. He goes out on the limb with the statement the Yanks in the Arctic "have the most difficult job of any armed forces anywhere in the world."

"There's a hell of a war up there," Zanuck says. "Two wars really—one against the Japs and the other against the weather.

"People think our men are sitting around up there but they're flying in weather that fogs their wing tips from view. To bomb Kiska, they must fly farther than from London to Berlin in weather that has no equal in the world."

Those Japs Won't Even Let You Open Your Mail

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA —Lieut. Clayton Wilson of Shreveport, La., didn't get a chance to read a letter from his girl until he was hanging from the treetop in his parachute 40 feet from the ground.

Just as Lieut. Wilson got the letter at mail call, the alert sounded. He stuffed it into his pocket and ran to his plane. A couple of minutes later he was fighting a Japanese raiding force of 15 Zeros and 27 bombers.

Two Zeros attacked him at the same time and shot his ship to pieces. Down he zoomed in a 12,000 foot drop, finally bailing out.

He landed in a tree and the parachute caught in the branches, leaving him swinging in mid-air.

"It got kind of monotonous hanging there," he says. "Then I remembered the letter and opened it and read it."

Phoney Gun Scares The Pants Off Japs

A.E.F. HEADQUARTERS, AUSTRALIA — Filipino guerrillas retook three provinces from the Japs with a new secret weapon—a cannon that doesn't shoot anything.

The gun is merely a bamboo tube three feet long with a four-inch bore and a fuse hole at the base. The Filipinos put machine oil in the barrel, blow through the fuse hole to vaporize the oil and then touch a match to the mouth. The improvised gun goes off with the noise of a cannon and great spurts of flame.

The best story about its use is the time the guerrillas forced the Nipponese to abandon an important bridgehead. They crept up on the Japs in the night, set off their hell-blazers and made such a racket that the Japs high-tailed.

The fearless Nipponese ran smack into the Hallowe'en detail's buddies, whose knives and bolos cut their number down by 500.

The story is told by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo, aide-de-camp to General MacArthur, who just returned from a secret mission.

Army Finally Finds Girl Piccolo Player

NEW YORK—The long search for a woman piccolo player to complete the WAAC'S 29-piece band is at an end.

Recruiting officers here have been after a lady piccolo artist for weeks but every time they got one, she up and flunked the physical exam.

But finally they signed one up who met the specifications. She's Miss Mary B. Nissley of Lancaster, Pa., who used to conduct the school band there.

Maritime "Flying Tigers" Feed 54 Jap Planes to Fish

WASHINGTON—Fifty-four to four is a pretty decisive score in any ball game.

That's the lead one Navy aircraft carrier-based fighter squadron holds over the Japs so far in this war. In four separate actions, these anonymous flyers have shot down 54 Nipponese planes and "probably downed" 18 others, while losing only four of their own ships.

What's more, only two of those four U. S. planes were destroyed by Jap gunfire. The other two were stranded at sea when they ran out of fuel before reaching their carrier.

The Records

The fighting record of this remarkable squadron — a convincing study in cold figures of American superiority over the Japs in the air —began at the Coral Sea when the pilots blotted out 28 enemy planes, including 14 Zeros. Seven others were listed as "probably" destroyed.

Just before the Battle of Midway, the squadron was assigned to the Yorktown under Lieut. Commander John S. Thach who, by the way, was Lieut. Commander Edward O'Hare's boss when he got his six Jap planes at the Marshall Islands.

Three Big Battles

They took part in three actions June 4 at Midway when the Jap dive bombers crippled the Yorktown and their score for the day was 26 enemy planes destroyed (and 11 others probably downed) against two lost fighters of their own. The Navy tells the story of the three battles very clearly in its official report:

"On the first occasion, six U.S. fighters, while escorting a torpedo squadron from the Yorktown, were attacked by 20 Japanese 'Zeros.'

"The result of this action was eight Japanese fighters downed, with several more probably lost, as against the loss of only two U.S. planes.

"Later, when the Japanese were dive-bombing the Yorktown with 18 divebombers, protected by 18 Zero fighters, combat patrols from the squadron intercepted the attack and broke it up so successfully that only four enemy planes dropped bombs.

"In the squadron's third action that day, another attack on the Yorktown by 18 torpedo planes, escorted by 18 Zeros, was hit so hard that only five enemy planes broke through."

No Time for Escape

Incidentally, all five of those Japs, after torpedoing the Yorktown, were destroyed before they could make a getaway.

The squadron probably would have kept it up and ruined the Japanese air power in the Pacific but the Yorktown was beginning to list, making its flight deck useless for take-offs and landings. But the boys will be back in action again soon.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE, please. Soldiers arrive to bunk at one of the hotels in Atlantic City, N. J., taken over by the Army. There were no bellhops to carry that baggage.

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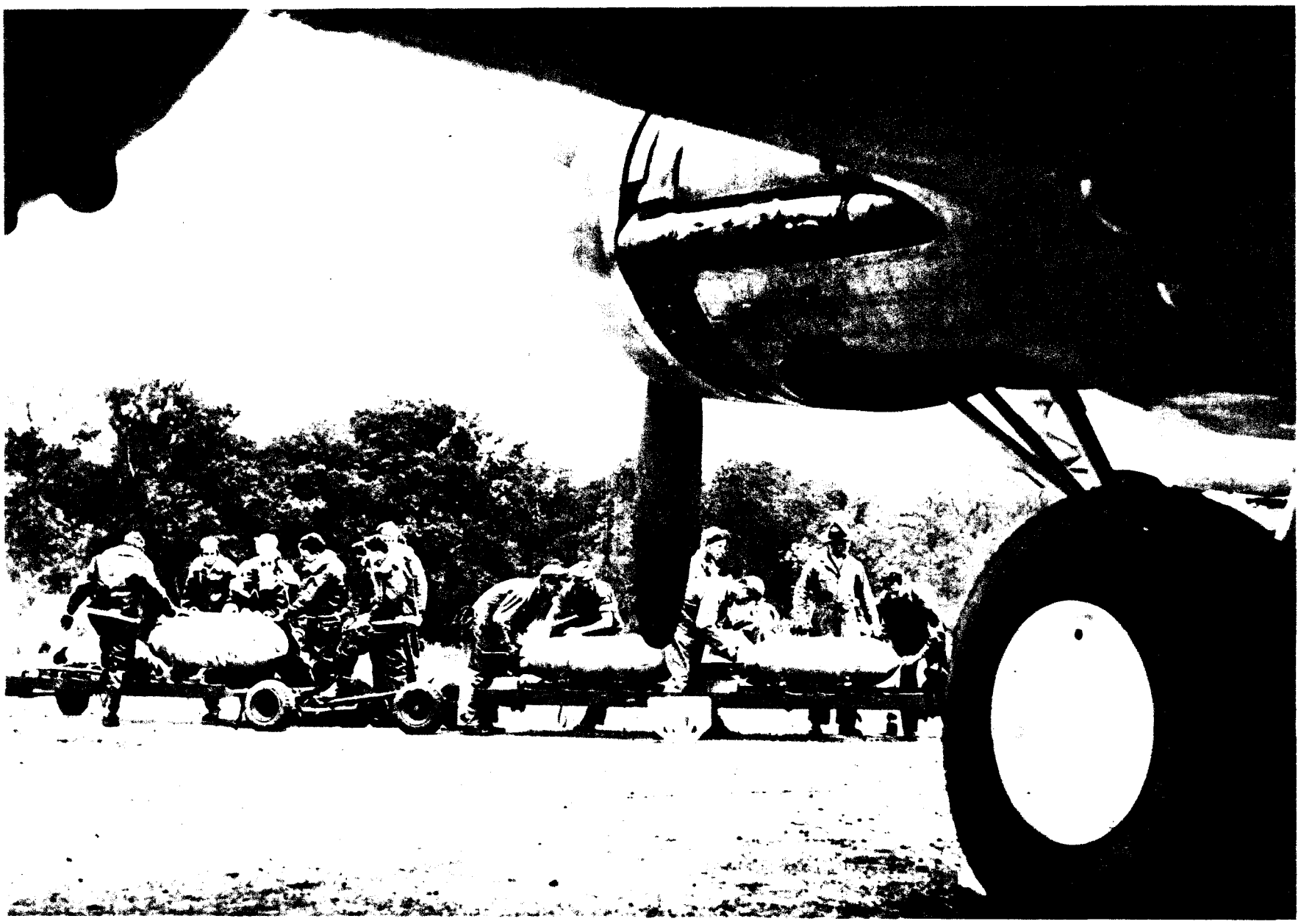

EGGS, AMERICAN STYLE. Somewhere in England, U. S. Air Force flyers are autographing their load of bombs, "To Adolf, with kindest regards."

A. A. F. Set to Join R. A. F. in New Raids

LONDON—The Army Air Force apparently is practically all set to join hands with the R.A.F. in a series of all-out bombing attacks on Germany and the Nazi-held countries in Europe.

The day after Major Gen. Mark W. Clark, commander of U.S. ground forces in Europe officially declared that "the sooner a second front could be opened the better," Major Gen. Carl Spaatz, chief of the Air Force in England, said that preparations to send Yank bombers over the continent in a big way "were ahead of schedule."

"The enemy at the appointed time will feel the might of the thoroughly coordinated Anglo-United States air force," he said.

In other words, the work of establishing Yank ground crews and technical repair units on England's bomber bases is running along smoothly.

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Sooner The Better, Says Ground Force Chief, And When We Go, We Won't Be Riding Bicycles

LONDON—"The sooner a second front could be opened the better."

This wasn't any Yank doughboy in England or Ireland wanting to get the job done so he could go home to Kansas City and see his girl again.

It was Major Gen. Mark W. Clark, commander of the Army ground forces in Europe, speaking at his first overseas press conference as another "very big" A.E.F. force landed in Britain. Picked combat divisions are arriving in Europe so fast, Clark says, that "it keeps us hunting to find a place to put them."

Shipping, he explains, is the bottleneck in Allied offensive plans right now. Until that problem is straightened out, Clark is organizing a super-training school for U. S. troops in Britain with special courses in amphibious warfare.

Can't Go On Bicycles

"In conjunction with the British, we are prepared to carry this war to the enemy but we can't go on bicycles," he puts it.

The Yanks in England are combining training with defense of the Isles against a possible Nazi invasion. In some areas, the American forces have taken over the anti-aircraft guns.

"The plan is to get the soldiers hard," Clark says. "Twenty-five mile hikes are ordered repeatedly and we keep the men under close bursts of machine gun fire and open up the artillery in their faces."

The head of the U. S. ground forces here finds one fault with both British and American soldiers. They are "road-bound" and you can't fight a war from trucks riding along a highway.

Get Out of Trucks

"They must get out of the trucks and fight," he says. "The shipping shortage will limit the trucks arriving in England but perhaps, in a way, it's just as well."

As anxious for a second front as everybody else, Clark won't even drop a hint about when operations may start on the continent. He'd like to train his men for about six months first but he says they'll be ready much sooner if the time is ripe.

"After all," he adds, "the best training for warfare is actual fighting.

"These men in England are good," he says. "They're way ahead of the A.E.F. in the last war. They know all about the second front and they want it to come so they can get it over and go home."

On This Warship, They Just Don't Miss Church

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—There's an Australian warship here commanded by an Anglican minister who used to be the Archdeacon of Fiji. Other navy officers call him "The Fighting Archdeacon" and he's plenty tough. Usually the sailors have a 10 minute religious service on Sunday but the archdeacon insists on a full hour.

Bataan Veterans Finally Get American Cigarettes

LOS ANGELES—The first International Red Cross mercy ship carrying supplies from the U.S. to the captured soldiers of Bataan has arrived in Japan.

Secretary of State Hull says that the shipment, the first of many to follow quickly, will include food, clothing, tobacco and medical supplies for the Philippine heroes and men and women civilians held by the Japs.

The food shipment consists of evaporated milk, biscuits, cocoa, beef, sugar, and butter substitutes.

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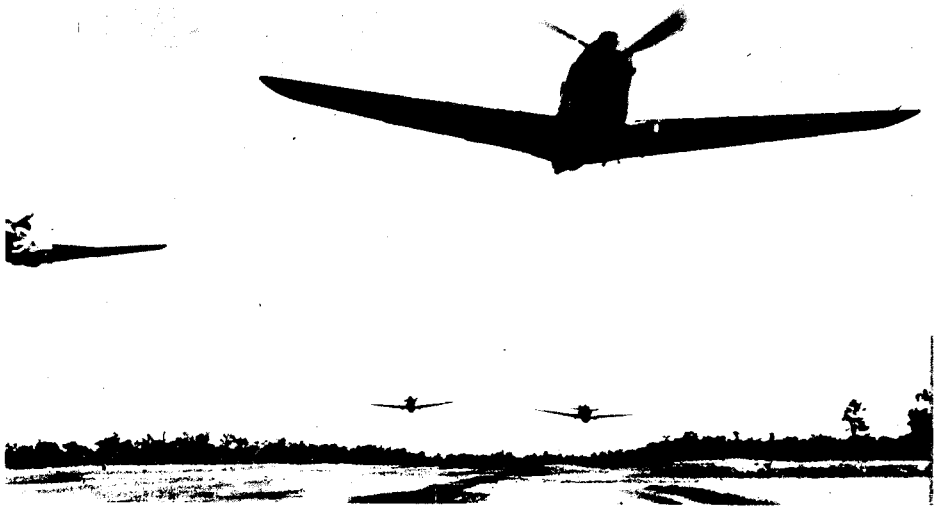


Yank P-40's off from Australia to take a crack at Japs

New Zealand artillery makes trouble for Nazis in Egypt

Reports from a World at War

Concerning Hindustani doubletalk, menus and maneuvers in the Canal Zone, royalty, a thirsty sailor, a new Alaskan gold rush, black markets and good Army pay.

From YANK's London Bureau

YANKS, HIGHEST PAID soldiers in the world, draw about four times as much as a buck private British Tommy ($12.20 per month). And the English people, who have been at war since 1939, live under a rationing system that makes the American tire and gas shortage seem like incidentals in the bountiful horn of plenty. To adjust matters, U. S. commanding generals made suggestions.

Suggestion No. 1: When Yanks dine with English families they take along something to compensate for the food they consume. One general authorized the taking of one day's ration (canned chow, de luxe) to be eaten by guest and host, just to make things even.

Suggestion No. 2: Yanks allot half their pay to be sent home or sunk in war bonds, instead of "chunking their weight about" to the embarrassment of Tommy Atkins.

Neither suggestion is compulsory, but the Yanks are catching on.

A BRITISH COLONEL, captured in the Libyan Desert with 70 of his Indian soldiers, asked permission of Nazi Field Marshal Erwin von Rommel to make a farewell speech to his men. The obliging Rommel consented, even stood by with his staff while the colonel proceeded ostensibly to pour out his heart to the men of his command.

The colonel did not know whether any Germans present understood Hindustani, but just to lessen the chances he put a double mixture of slang into his speech. He told his men how to escape and where to meet him. The colonel and his men disappeared during the night.

From YANK's London Bureau

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Three master sergeants — Daniel Dullea of Norway, Maine, Jesse L. Fowler of Spartansburg, S. C., and Clarence S. Irvin of Atlanta, Ga.—were shooting the bull over tea in a Westmidlands canteen the other day.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked a white-haired lady, followed by several other people. The three soldiers didn't notice, until . . .

"'Tenshun," barked one of the sergeants.

The elderly lady smiled broadly, and opened a conversation with the usual how-long-in-the-Army question. The masters, gulping down confusion, told her. Then:

"How do you like England?"

"We like it very much, ma'am," the Georgian grinned. The three still stood at a rigid attention.

"Go on with your tea, boys," the lady smiled, and the soldiers sat back down.

The Queen Mother Mary and her attendants left the canteen.

THE OLD ARMY saying that the non-com isn't worth much who hasn't been busted at least once is having a try-out in Pvt. James Scott. Scott's service record shows that in two years he went up to sergeant, back to private, up to corporal and back to private again. Now he's up for citation for his part in pulling a pilot out of a "pea shooter" which crashed and burned in a crocodile-infested river in New Guinea. Scott and three other G.I.'s plunged through flames to rescue the lieutenant.

BLACK MARKETS in Europe have reached the point where there is little you can't get . . . if you have the money and know the right people. The B. M. flourishes in the Balkans; in Spain it is almost impossible to eat without patronizing it. In France it deals in practically everything: gold, beans, clothing, meat, wheat, aluminum, wine, foreign currencies.

In Britain there has been so much talk about a black market that a U. S. sailor walked into an English Red Cross club, asked where the nearest black market was thereabouts.

"I want a bottle of Scotch," the gob informed the shocked, titled lady back at the desk. She recovered her poise and told the brass-polisher that the Red Cross went a long way on helping service men but drew the line on giving tips on smuggled food and drink.

"Bum steer," mumbled the gob, thanked her, and blushed out.

General Chennault plots a course for "Flying Sharks"

Japs in China are bucking not only U.S. air power but also are coping with the most efficient air-raid warning system in the world.

The Chinese have so rigged their communications that a Jap plane is scarcely off the ground anywhere in China before word is flashed to headquarters. Originally this system was devised to warn China's defenseless people to take cover. Undoubtedly it saved the lives of tens of thousands of civilians.

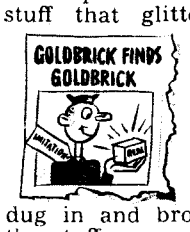
Lately, this Chinese efficiency has served more positive ends. It has supplied U.S. Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commanding the 23rd Pursuit Group, with information at all times on the Japs' whereabouts, has given him time to disperse his planes if necessary, has enabled him to pick the time and place to meet the enemy.

Since the Japs can maintain no such information system in hostile China, they have been constantly surprised by Chennault's small but miracle-working air force. Most recent Chennault surprises were against Jap ships in the Yangtze, warehouses, docks and factories at Hankow, Jap ground troops in Chekiang and Jap air fields at Nanchang and Canton. Jap planes have been driven out of the skies over at least three big Chinese provinces. The tickled Chinese thought up a new name for the AAF in China: "Sky Dragons."

Notwithstanding all this, the Nips announced one day that they had bombed three big Chinese cities, including Chungking, the capital. Chennault laughed out loud at this one. The general had been in those "bombed" places that day and had seen no Japs.

By YANK's Field Writer

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Shakespeare was right about all the stuff that glitters. Captain Frear Burk and a mixed group of officers and men found plenty of shining sands that looked to them like purest gold. The water was cold, but they dug in and brought out plenty of the stuff.

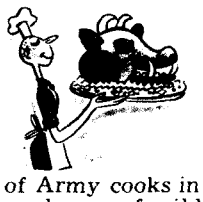


But when assay officers looked it over, they handed it back with a shake of the head. Mica, they said. No commercial value.

But (now that it can be told) a Pfc. by the name of Simmons hit pay dirt once. He picked up a chunk of quartz, kept it under cover until after duty hours and then smashed it down to powder. The local bank paid him $28.10 for the gold that was in it.

By YANK's Caribbean Field Writer

CANAL ZONE—Have some "tapir steak a la rifle bullet"? Or would you prefer some "trout filet a l'hand grenade"? Then again, we can offer "Iguana a la machete."



These are a few of the "blue plate" dishes taken from the jungle recipes of Army cooks in Panama who have made use of wild game and tropical vegetables and fruits during jungle marches.

A rifle or a machete brings home a tapir, an iguana, a wild pig or wild turkey. Alligator meat has been tried. Just tried—that's all.

A hand grenade is substituted for the proverbial rod and reel and a score of all types of fish is obtained with one toss into a stream.

The cook only has to stoop to get his vegetables. From the ground he pulls yucas, guaguis, and malangas (all similar to our potatoes), and boniatos (like the turnip). He reaches up and gets horse platonos (kindred of the banana), which are fried before eaten.

Aguacate salad serves as green stuff with cocoanut milk as refreshment.

Each meal is topped off with such fruits as tamarindos (dried dates); guanabanas (melon); papayas, and mangos (somewhat similar to cantalopes and peaches).

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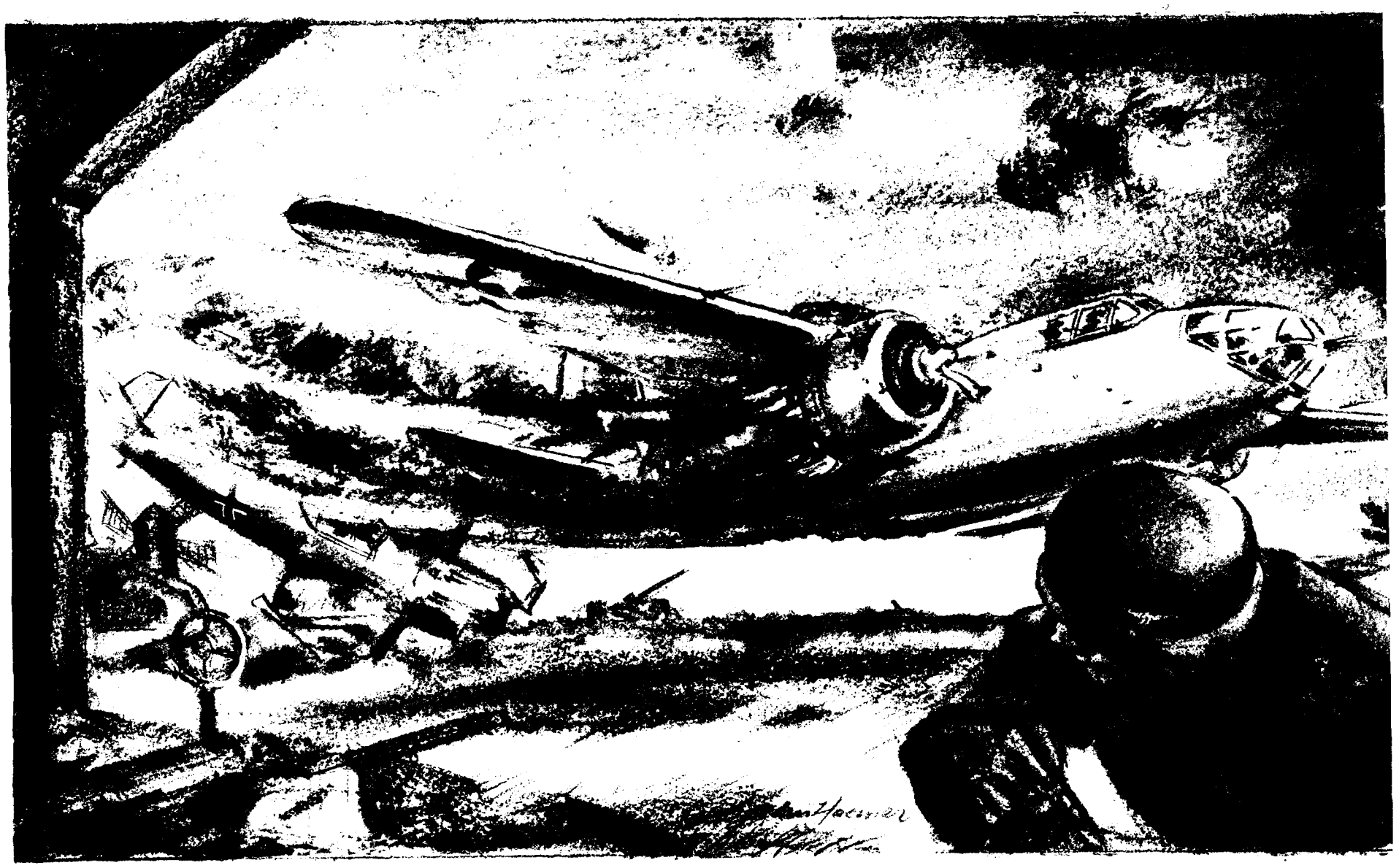

We saw the right engine burst into flame . . . the ground was a dizzy blur

Sgt. Tells Own Story of July 4 Raid

Written exclusively for YANK By Sgt. Robert L. Golay

(He promised his wife, he wouldn't fly and in a way Sgt. Robert L. Golay, U.S.A.A.F. kept his promise, because he just kind of "rocketed" across to Holland last July on the now-historic raid against De Kooy's airdrome. For that feat, he has been awarded the D.F.C. This is his own story of the raid.)

THE General showed up at our headquarters in England July 3 and we knew General Eisenhower wasn't one to go running around England to watch us shoot off firecrackers.

It was a fine summer day, and warm out there in the sun. We lined up while the General shook hands with each one of us, and he didn't have to tell us that something was cooking.

Something was cooking. Next morning, the crew of our A-20 took off in a vic formation with two other bombers. We flew behind and slightly to the right of a squadron leader, who was an Englishman. We were headed for a German airdrome near De Kooy in Holland.

I drew the floor position, firing from the belly of the plane. I lay flat on my stomach, the monkey chain fastened to my chute. The planes flew about 30 feet above the water when they crossed the channel and I got a fine faceful of spray. We were very close to that drink. We were practically too close.

While we were over the channel we spotted a couple of "squealers" and knew we were in for it. Squealers are small fishing boats that the Germans use for spotters. They must have radioed back because when the planes neared the coast there was a warm reception awaiting us.

Those babies on the coast started firing even before we came into range and we could see the flak coming right at us. I felt sorry for the bombardier sitting up there in the nose. He could see the stuff coming right at him and couldn't do a thing. Captain Kegelman (Charles C. Kegelman, El Reno, Okla.) threw the plane around like he was a football player dodging tacklers. It was what you call rough.

The flak got the other American plane just as we reached the coast. We could see it go all to pieces. By that time we were over land, and there wasn't a tree in sight, nothing but the rings

Sgt. Golay

of anti-aircraft towers and emplacements protecting the airdrome. They were sending up a solid sheet of fire. The Englishman in the lead banked to approach the airdrome from the rear and Captain Kegelman silenced one tower by himself.

All of a sudden I saw part of a propeller fly past and I said to myself, "We've got a Messerschmitt."

I don't know why I thought that, but then I took another look and nearly fell out of the plane. "God," I said, "that's *our* propeller!"

Then things got really confused. We saw the right engine burst into flames. The ground was a dizzy blur, so close we could almost touch it.

Then all of a sudden there was a terrible crash and I could see the whole floor of the plane buckle up. I went bang against the ceiling and my legs went all numb. I was afraid to look at them because I thought they were shot off. But they were all right.

I didn't know what the hell was going on. All I could see was a pair of legs of another crew member up front. The captain says I kept yelling:

"Give 'em hell, Captain. Give 'em hell."

I don't remember. Maybe I did. Nobody knows to this day how the captain managed to right the plane after we jolted against the ground like we did, and nobody knows how he managed to keep flying all the time, or how we managed to slip and beat out the fire in the engine.

But we did, and pretty soon we were around on the other side of the airdrome, streaking for home. We dropped one load and got two more flak towers. It was all we could do to stay in the air.

Then we were over the channel again. It was the funniest thing in the world. I don't know how to explain it exactly. Things just suddenly got awful quiet as soon as we were out of range. I mean, no one said a word; I don't know how long it was like that, but it was the funniest thing in the world. Then Captain Kegelman called back to ask if we were all right and everyone started to talk at once.

We were 45 minutes overdue at the base and everyone had almost stopped looking for us. The squadron leader returned safely with only a few holes in his plane. We only had one engine and a big hole in the fuselage. Part of a wing was gone.

We hadn't figured those Germans could do that to us, but they sure as hell did.

The thing I remember most was when I got out of the plane. They had a whole bottle of Scotch waiting for us. You don't know what that means over there. Why, you have to walk twenty miles just for a glass of beer alone.

I raised the bottle out there in the sunlight, and without benefit of a glass said a toast to my wife.

I thought how wonderful she had been, and how after I went into the Army Air Force as an armorer she went around with me, first to Lowry and then to Chanute. I remember how she didn't like her husband in airplanes because they were too dangerous. But I always had wanted to be a gunner, and now I had finished my first real job. So it was to her I let loose with that toast.

Just before I left, she asked me not to fly, and I promised no I wouldn't, and God bless her I didn't. I kind of rocketed over to Holland and back, you might say.

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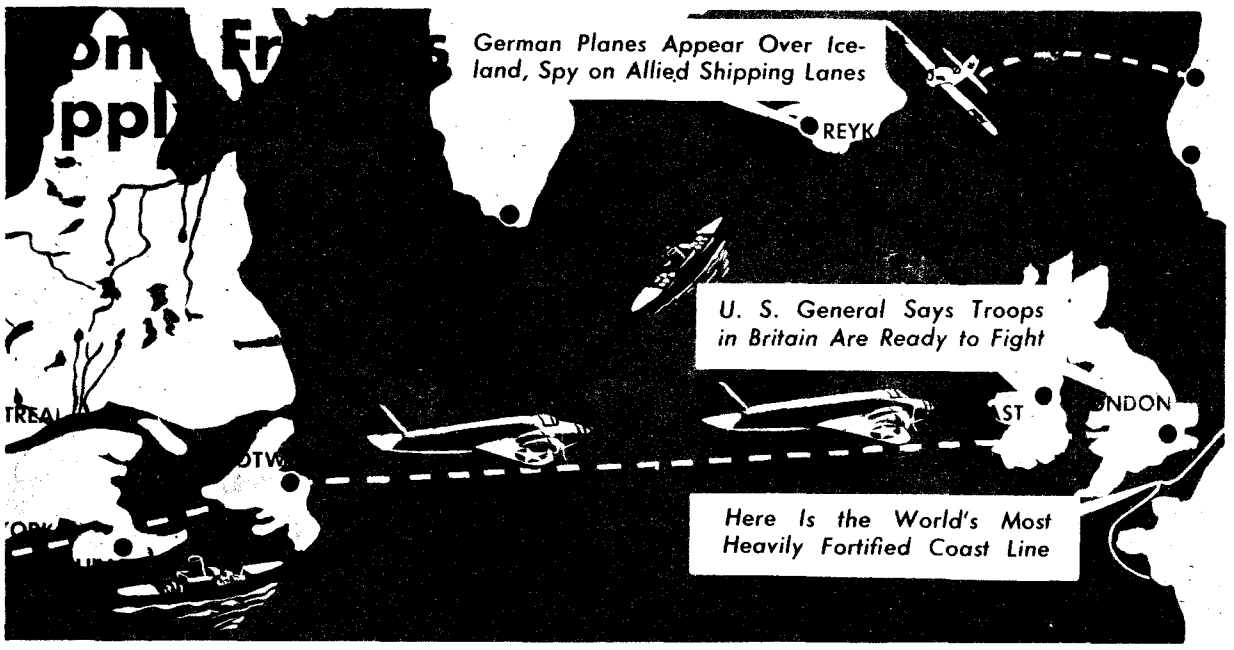
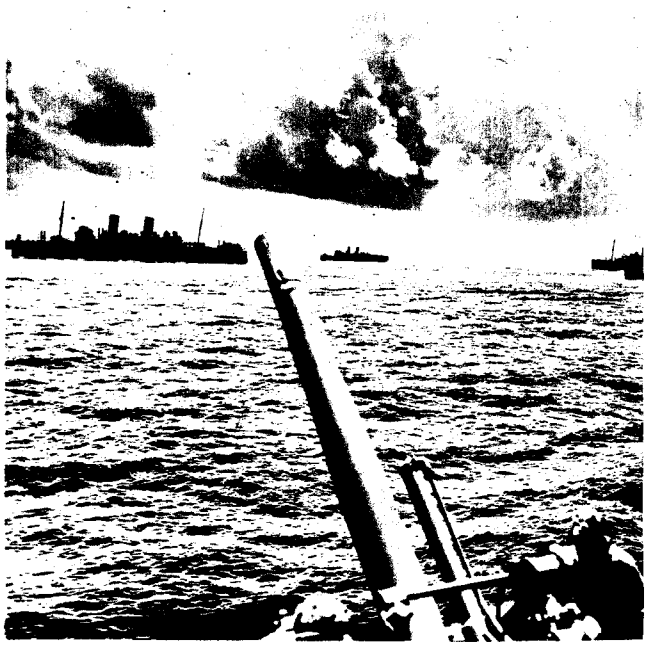




A FEELING of crisis was in the air. The summer of 1942 was entering its last full month, and with it the "military year" in many parts of the world drew to a close.

It was, of course, possible that the summer might peter out in an anti-climax of inactivity. But, to judge from the news that streamed out of world capitals, almost no one, from Axis propagandists to U. S. armchair strategists, really expected the season to end with anything but a bang.

If ever there was a crisis of global dimensions for the American soldier to contemplate, here it was:

Civil revolt was threatened by an India menaced by Japan. The Japanese, having placed themselves astride the Aleutians, were now massing men, tanks and planes on the Siberian - Manchukuan borders. Despite daily pounding from U. S.-British bombers, Rommel's Afrika Korps outside Alexandria in Egypt was steadily reinforced by small Axis freighters and bombers.

Worst of all, the situation in Russia was desperate. The Red Army had been pushed back almost to the Caucasian Mountains, while the Nazis captured the big Maikop oil fields and were threatening from two sides the city of Stalingrad, Russia's "Pittsburgh."

Summer of Setbacks

The summer had been, indeed, one of bad news almost without a let-up. There could be no sugar-coating of the fact that United Nations victories had been few, that defeats had been too frequent. The Axis still held the military initiative on almost every battlefront. It was in spite of these facts that the peoples of the United Nations, as well as their soldiers, hoped that the time was not far distant when we would be able to turn the tide by opening a resounding offensive.

In the Pacific there were, indeed, already indications of that growing offensive power which America expects from its armed men. A task force of the U. S. Pacific Fleet bombarded Jap ships and installations at Kiska, in the Aleutians. At the same time a naval force under Vice Admiral Ghormley, supported by U. S. and Australian airmen under Gen. MacArthur's command, began an attack on the Jap-held Solomon Islands some 900 miles northeast of Australia.

At last reports U. S. marines had landed near the deep-harbor port of Tulagi in an operation described by Admiral Ernest J. King, the Navy's Commander-in-chief, as "one of the most complicated and difficult in warfare." Against Japanese counter-attacks launched with "rapidity and vigor" the marines held the beachheads. Indeed, it began to look as if things might be different in the Pacific from now on.

Important as were these actions they could not compare to the great drama of war unfolding elsewhere. The threads of these scattered crises, whether they originated in Asia, Africa or Australia, seemed to lead to one small spot on the world map — to western Europe. At the same time the world's eyes began to focus on one man stationed in that spot — on the American soldier in England and Ireland.

Second Front Decisions

It was not that India or Russia or China were not important in themselves. It was simply that the fate of Egypt or the disposition of Caucasian oil seemed to depend so utterly on whether a second front was or was not to be opened in Europe.

Nor was it that British soldiers would not also take part in the opening of a second front. But the world knew that Britain, with a population of only 45,000,000 and with commitments throughout her Empire, could not be expected alone to mount a continental invasion against a Germany of 85,000,000 which also rules almost all of populous Europe. The second front depended not only on how many American soldiers there were in the British Isles; it also depended on how well-trained, how tough, how eager those soldiers were.

Turning the War of Nerves

Strangely enough, the world's eyes were glued on western Europe not because of what was happening there but because of what many confidently believed was going to happen. In a curious sort of way the Allies were already on the offensive.

They were not fighting land battles, to be sure, but at least they had turned the tables on Adolf Hitler and were giving him a good dose of his favorite medicine—psychological warfare. Always before it had been the democracies who were put in the position of trying to guess if and when and where Hitler would next strike. This time the shoe was on Hitler's foot. The United Nations slogan, "Second Front," had become a Nazi headache.

As long ago as last June, Pres. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill announced "coming operations" which would "divert German strength from the attack on Russia." Since that time many Allied military and political leaders have promised the second front. Naturally, they neglected to mention dates, although a few did give places.

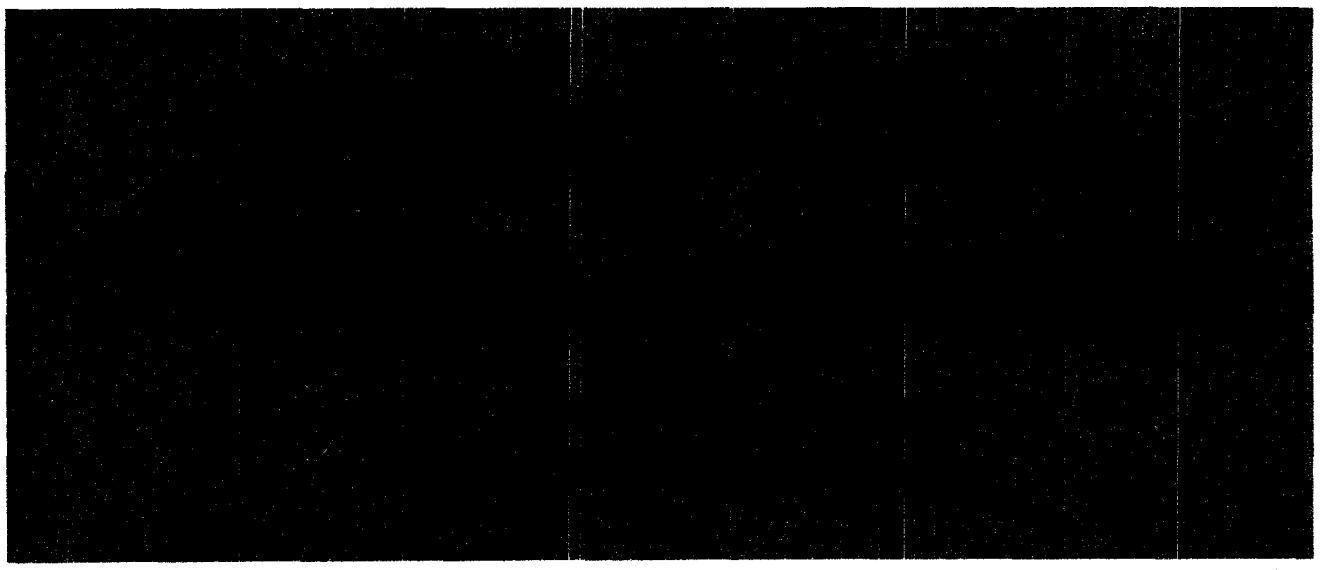
Has all this been just talk designed merely to scare the Nazis? The Germans don't think so.

They've fortified the coast of northern France, Belgium and The Netherlands until today it is probably the most heavily fortified coastline in the world. They've built military roads leading to the spots an invasion might hit. They've mined all waters along the English Channel and have spent no end of time and money building air fields.

Nazis Prepare for Worst

Every possible device has been used by the Nazis to keep the enslaved populations on the coast from rising up and helping the invader if and when he comes. When the British first advised Frenchman to get out of coastal cities, the Nazis forbade it. Now they have reversed themselves and forcibly removed some 3,000,000 French, Belgians, Dutch to the interior.

Nazi-controlled radios now admit that an Allied attempt to invade the



A Solomon Islands beach, probably like that on which marines landed.

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continent probably will be made, although it is always added that the attempt is bound to fail. At the same time the Germans have been trying to keep even stricter tabs than usual on the north Atlantic shipping routes over which an invasion force would be supplied. Nazi reconnaissance planes have been roaming far out into the Atlantic. A few recently appeared even over U. S. - defended Iceland.

Equally as eager as the conquered peoples for the second front were the Russians. Mid - August found the southwestern Army of Marshal Timoshenko pushed back almost to the Volga against Stalingrad, while the Caucasian Army of Lieut. Gen. Kozlov seemed helpless against the mechanized forces of Nazi Gen. von Kleist. Kleist and his men were a good 1,400 miles from their main bases in Germany, but on they went nevertheless, finally reaching the Maikop oil fields in which 10 per cent of Russia's oil needs were pumped from the ground. Here the Soviets again carried out their scorched-earth policy. The Nazis found nothing but an inferno at Maikop.

Vital Areas Menaced

Stalingrad was hardly less important. In peace the city built tractors; in war it was Russia's No. 1 tank source. One of the earliest cities to be developed for national industrialization under the Soviet first five-year plan, Stalingrad had grown from a 1931 population of 150,000 to 450,000 in 1939. Along its 31-mile front on the River Volga are shipbuilding, oil distilling, canning, metallurgical factories and sawmilling.

Several hundred miles farther south the Nazis also were approaching territory linked to Stalin's name —his birthplace in the old Russian province of Georgia. But there was more to this Nazi threat for Joseph Stalin than mere sentiment. The Maikop fields were bad enough to lose; loss of the far richer Baku fields across the Caucasian mountains from Maikop might be fatal to Russia.

Drive to the East?

In a broad strategic sense the Nazis, by heading south toward the Caucasus, actually were turning away from the U. S. S. R. toward the Middle and Near East. This was the upper claw of the Nazi pincers striking at the eastern Mediterranean; the lower claw was Rommel's Army in Egypt. In the sense that the entire Middle East was now threatened from both west and north, India too was affected. For it appeared more than ever certain that Axis grand strategy called for a junction of German and Japanese arms somewhere along the Indian Ocean.

Whether Indian leaders like Gandhi and Nehru were aware of Axis aims was almost beside the point. They held a big tent meeting in steaming Bombay at which Gandhi's program of mass civil disobedience to force the British to grant India immediate independence was overwhelmingly approved by the Indian National Congress.

The aged Indian leader protested that his last thought was to "stab England in the back." He appealed to Pres. Roosevelt and Gen. Chiang Kai-shek to intercede for Indian independence. He asked Lord Linlithgow, India's viceroy, for a "last" interview. He declared that once India was independent she would fight stalwartly on the side of the United Nations.

Riots Follow Arrests

Once mass civil disobedience was voted the Indian Government moved in. It was declared illegal for any shops, restaurants, hotels or businesses to close. Then Gandhi, Nehru, the Congress President and some 300 Congress leaders were arrested. Nehru was put in a jail in Poona. The simplicity - loving Gandhi was held incommunicado in a fancy palace owned by the Aga Khan, one of India's fabulously wealthy Moslem leaders. In leaving for internment Gandhi hinted that he might decide to go on a fast, "unto death," but added that he would let his "inner voice" be his guide.

Scarcely had Gandhi been arrested before disorder broke out in many parts of the vast sub - continent. Trains were stoned. Shops were burned. Several riots developed, and police used tear gas and rifles to disperse crowds. Gandhi's belief that civil disobedience could be a bloodless affair was destroyed by stonings, shootings, tear gas raids and lathi charges.

By these mass arrests the British in India aimed to isolate Congress leadership in the hope that the disobedience campaign would fail through lack of organization and direction. Even more serious than the riots was the threat of a general strike to paralyze India's considerable war industries. Already some 18 Bombay mills were closed, and it seemed likely that passive resistance would spread.

However Knotty the Problem . . .

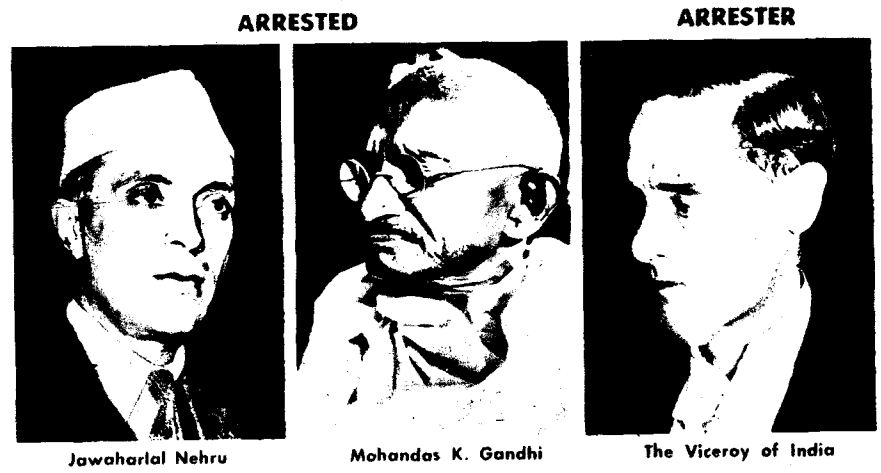
But whether the crisis was in India or in Russia it all came back to the question of a second front. The Russians insisted that the Nazis could not possibly continue to pour men and machines into the Caucasus in the face of an actual invasion of western Europe. Probably they could not even continue to supply Rommel if they had to meet at the same time a large-scale campaign in France or Belgium.

If the Nazis' Caucasian and Egyptian threats to the Middle East were neutralized or eliminated, the armchair generals figured, the western threat to India would fold and the British could then face the Japanese with confidence on the Indian-Burmese border. In such circumstances they might even feel that they could do now what they have announced they would do after the war anyway — give India her independence.

However knotty the problem or however great the crisis, many people believed in this August of 1942 they had a compelling answer in just two words—Second Front.

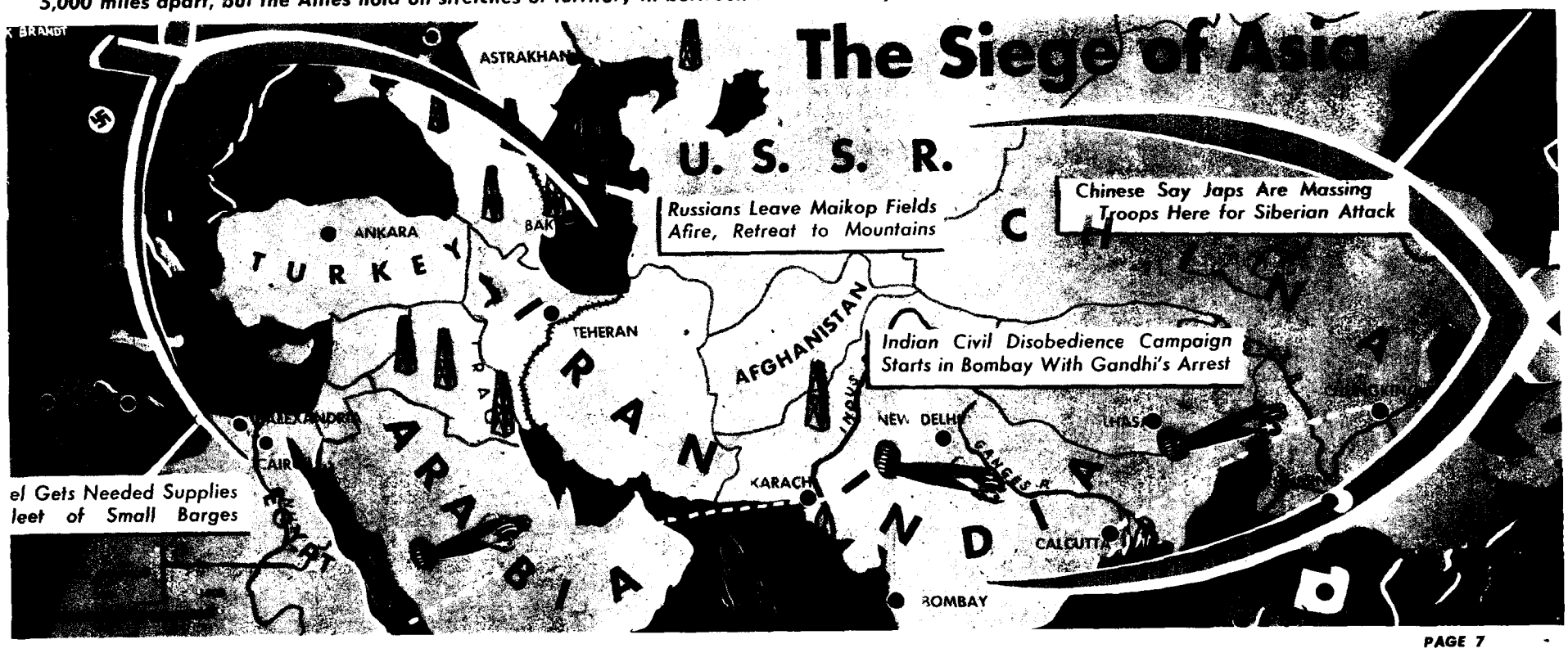
Most Cossacks, descendants of one-time outlaws and runaway slaves, are at home on the banks of the Don. Other Cossack centers, however, are on the Kuban and Terek Rivers, in the Caucasus, and a large part of the defense of Russia's Caucasian oil depends on these fierce, proud cavalrymen. Back of the lines Cossacks wear their traditional, picturesque costumes, but in battle they fight in regular Red Army uniforms with tommy guns, artillery, anti-tank guns and mortars.

ARRESTED **ARRESTER**



Jawaharlal Nehru — Mohandas K. Gandhi — The Viceroy of India

The Nazi campaign to conquer Russia and the Japanese attempt to take China constitute a siege of Asia. The Japs and Nazis are still a good 5,000 miles apart, but the Allies hold on stretches of territory in between is menaced by such movements as the Indian civil disobedience campaign.



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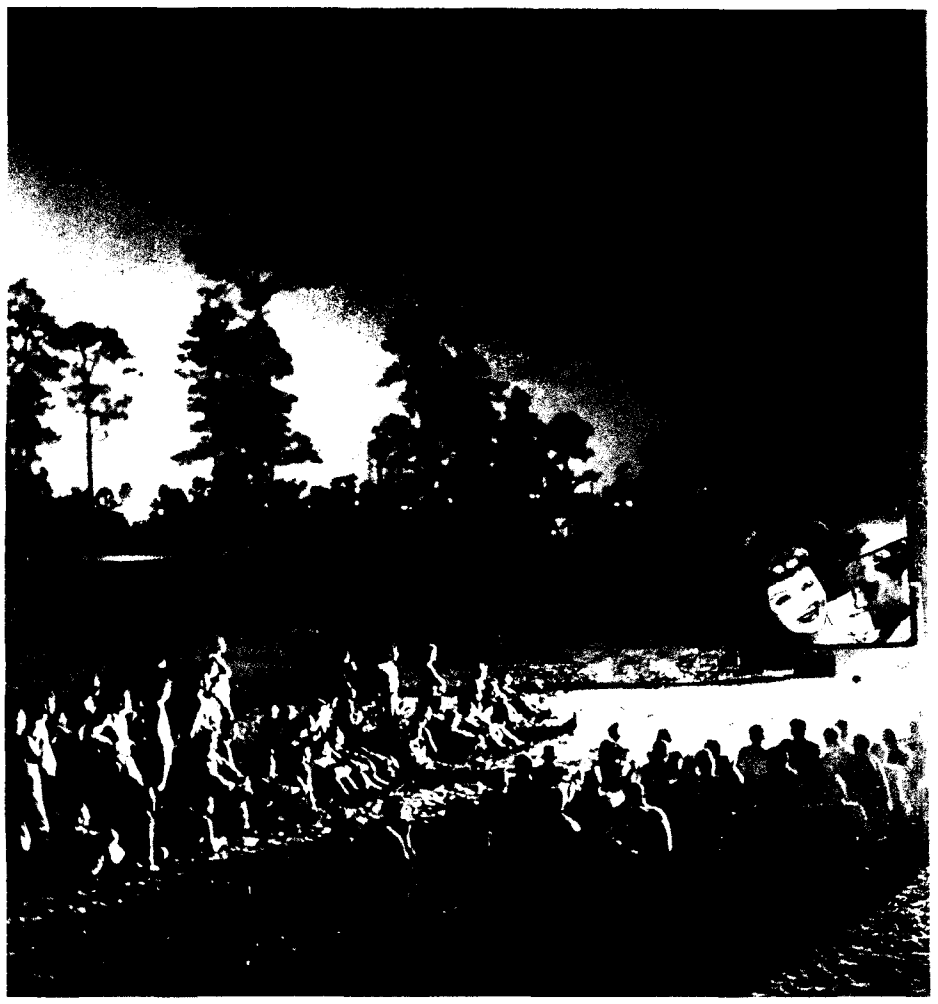
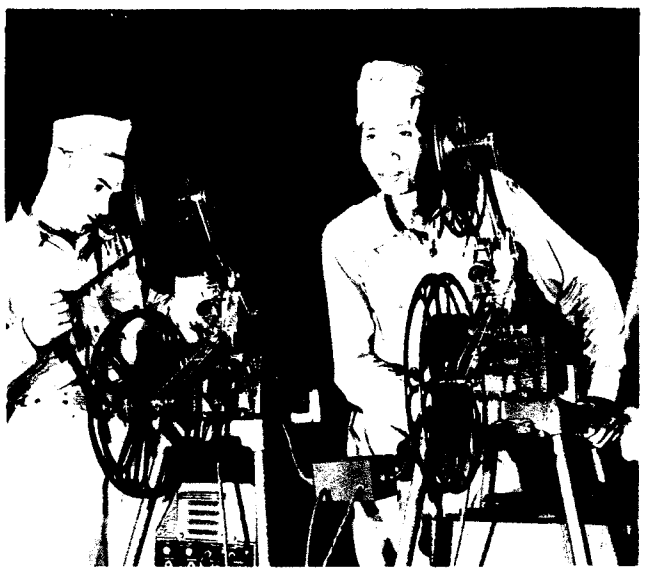
Fun Will Follow You, Soldier





On the firing line, Pvt. Hom. C. Quon (photo at right) keeps his eye on the target. (Quon has a wife and two boys somewhere in China.) On the receiving end (above), soldiers see a Hollywood production. The theatre is big—bigger than any you'll find in your hometown.

By Pvt. H. N. Oliphant
Yank Staff Writer

Soldiers who think Santa Claus is a silly illusion have never seen a U. S. Special Service Overseas Unit. These unique outfits, some of which are ready to report for overseas duty and 38 others are in preparation, are equipped to provide Yanks in the A.E.F. with practically every recreational and entertainment device known to man.

For good measure, they will also provide PX's to service overseas troops with cigarettes, magazines, candy and other standard PX items.

Each Special Service contingent is composed of officers and NCO's who carry side-arms; and enlisted men equipped with carbines.

These guys are specialists in all activities which have a direct bearing on the entertainment of soldiers, and also are thoroughly trained to fight as doggedly as a seasoned dogface to get their equipment where it's needed, gas, snipers and field mines to the contrary notwithstanding.

On completion of their special training, units will be rushed to foreign and outlying stations from which they will operate to supply American tank and base forces with everything from Steinway pianos and candy to the latest books and Hollywood movies.

What They Carry War-Ward

Let's take a gander at the 2nd Special Service Unit and the abundant cargo it will soon be carrying in a caravan of eight Army trucks and four trailers to some remote U.S. battle front. As all units are fairly uniform in equipment, procedure and general functions, this fully trained unit is typical.

The second SSU, under the command of Capt. Charles P. Garbarini, an amiable New Jerseyite who can get things done with stern discipline while smiling, is divided into three platoons. The first and second platoons, by squads, are charged with the operation and upkeep of recreational facilities, while the third platon conducts the exchanges.

Capt. Garbarini, short, wiry, ex-floor supervisor of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, explained the unit's mission. "Our job is to get through to American front-line troops and make 'em happy. And we'll make 'em happy, too, because we've got something for every taste, whether it's for cowboy music, Judo, jive or Shakespeare."

The Kits Runneth Over

An inventory of the Unit's equipment reads like the Sears Roebuck catalog you used to keep around for periodic out-house paper shortages. Here's a partial list:

(1) Four athletic kits, each containing baseball paraphernalia right down to the catchers' belly protectors and the bases themselves. There are basketballs, boxing gloves, and other miscellaneous sports equipment, together with spare parts and the tools for their repair. (The enlisted men in the athletic section can also supply you with a catcher if your team needs one. They'll even hazard the pop-bottles and umpire the game. Or they'll just sit on the base-lines and root for you, as you will. They'll also organize boxing tournaments, arrange intra-division baseball and basketball leagues.)

(2) Four radio kits which include short-wave radio receiving sets, amplifiers, specially designed phonographs that can play transcriptions of American network broadcasts or recent jive and symphony recordings, and a public address system. The kits carry their own power-houses in four gasoline-driven generators.

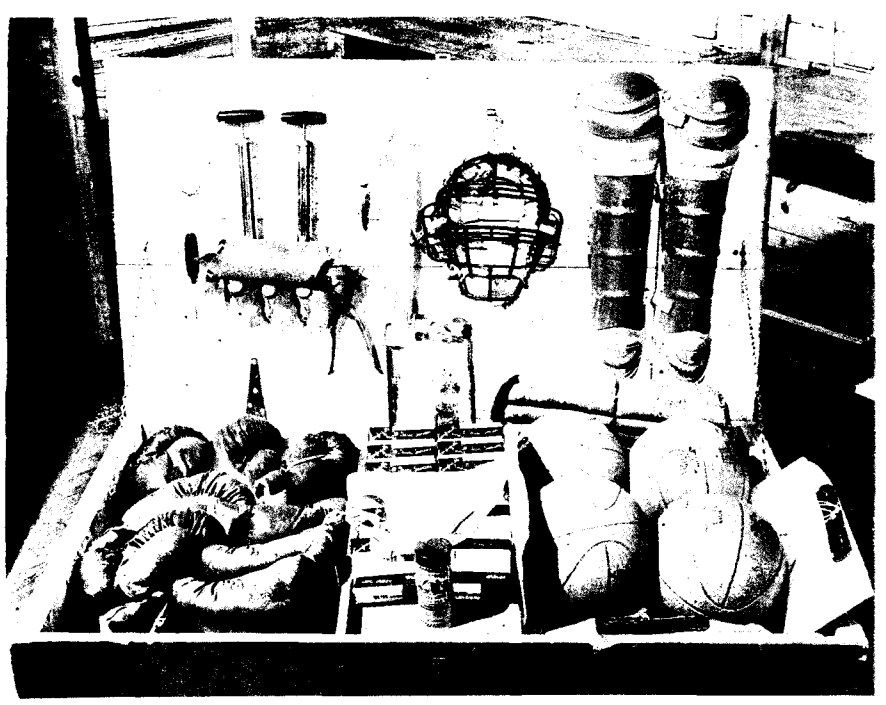
(3) Four mobile libraries with more than 2000 books, classic and modern. The boxes when opened become shelved book-cases.

(4) Four theatrical kits containing enough costumes, wigs and make-up aids to stage the Follies, Scandals and Uncle Tom's Cabin combined. (Men in the theatrical section will build you a serviceable stage, direct your play, and even provide you with a coy Little Eva, bass voice, hairy legs and all.)

(5) Four musical kits comprising steel guitars, mandolins, ukuleles, and hundreds of harmonicas, ocarinas and song books. (Guys in the musical section can teach you how to croon to your own uke accompaniment, or show you how to play a tonette, the new easy-to-play novelty instrument. They'll lead group singing, or supply your tent mate with strings, picks and a bridge for his guitar. And if your solo barytone of the Scotch-and-Soda Octette is *hors de combat*, they'll fill in with a mellow voice.)

(6) Four portable field pianos with standard keyboards, developed especially for the Army by Steinway. Weighing little more than 500 lbs. these astonishing instruments

Members of the SSU radio section set up equipment in the field



A box of goodies for the lively soldier—the SSU athletic kit

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can be toted anywhere by four men.

(7) A motion picture kit which includes two modern projectors, a Dalite screen, a plentiful supply of new feature pictures with sound.

(8) A publishing kit, complete with lettering guides, staplers, styluses and a mimeograph duplicator to set up a field newspaper.

(9) Finally, there are the mobile PX's which can dish out diversified wares from the back-ends of trucks or the center of a handy bomb crater.

In short, when this brimful caravan wheels into your bivouac, about the only things you won't be able to find in the SSU kits are a first-class pass and a full-chested blonde.

Teamwork Does It

That's a powerful lot of baggage for 116 men to handle. Take it from your YANK correspondent who saw them in action in the field, these guys are busier than a yardbird with his G.I. drawers full of sand fleas policing up the company street. Cool precision as slick as a Notre Dame backfield shift enables the unit to do its job efficiently and fast.

Here's how they'll function overseas. First of all, they will be assigned to a theater or task force Commander somewhere in the Communications Zone, where they will establish a base of operations.

Now let's say that an infantry division at the front is withdrawing to a rest area for a few days. The Commanding Officer of the theater of operations wants recreational equipment and canteen supplies for these men. He contacts the CO of the Special Service Unit and tells him where they'll be resting, about when he'll get there, and what equipment they need.

The whistle blows. Orders are yelled out. Squads jump to their respective kits, each man doing his particular job.

Packed and arranged so ingeniously that every piece is instantly available, the kits are lifted onto the trucks. Motors cough. Observers with rifles take posts on camouflaged trucks and trailers. The caravan rolls.

Expert map readers chart the course as they go.

If they reach the area indicated before the outfit they are to service, scouts are sent out, and guards are posted.

Then, if it's all clear, each section unloads its kits, unpacks its boxes, sets up its equipment for field duty.

The infantry division marches into the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever," which roars out thunderously through the amplifiers and special field loud speakers.

Before you can say Hirohito, the athletic sections have started basketball and baseball games, boxing matches. Some of the men are instructing mud-crushers in "Judo," the streamlined jiu-jitsu.

A mobile library in action. Some heavy reading about to be undertaken in the foreground

Half-hour radio programs of Bob Hope, Fibber McGee, Jack Benny et al., transcribed on specially grooved 12-inch platters, are given for several of the companies. Guys with a proclivity for barber-shop harmony gather around the field pianos to give out lustily, if inaccurately, with bar-room ballads.

The library units open their shelves for business, distributing, among other volumes, Emerson's Essays, Gone With The Draft, and the newest Ellery Queen mystery.

The exchange platoon, broken up into several groups, dispenses its goods from trucks or over counters built on the ground.

Meanwhile, men in the theatrical section scout the various companies to find talent for an amateur show to be performed on the G.I. stage they've made of whatever stray lumber and rude bits of foliage they could find.

Finally, when dat evenin' sun goes down over the bivouac, there'll be an outdoor talking picture, probably some feature as yet unreleased in America.

Frequently, of course, subordinate echelons in isolated areas will call for special servicing. They'll get it, with as many of the various kits as are required or requested.

Sgt. James R. McQueen, husky top kick of the second Special Service Unit, who was All-American football material at Furman U., when he got that letter from the President, sums it all up this way:

"Bub, we're just a super-duper service station on wheels, prepared to pump out fun and entertainment for the guys who need it.

"But there's one thing that worries me. What the hell are those fifteen volumes of 'Vegetable Gardening' doing in the mobile library?"

Victory Pianos Built to Take It

SSU makeup artist works on a comic

Something's gonna be done about that foul peep who always flats the hell out of the first tenor parts when your Bath-House Choral Society gives its regular evening recital of "Sweet Adeline" and "In The Evening By The Moonlight." He won't have to be bound, gagged and confined to quarters after all.

Instead, to help him and his erring fellow crooners of the A.E.F. stay somewhere decently within the environs of the right key, U. S. Special Service Units will be equipped with "Victory Pianos." These tough, compact instruments were specially designed for the Army.

The Victory Piano, which has a regulation keyboard and weighs little more than 500 pounds, is an authentic dogface all the way. She even wears a coat of olive drab paint, and carries her own pack, which contains tuning tools and a book of instructions. Details include anything from Chapel service hymnals to sheet music for advanced boogie-woogie.

While the instrument is no parlor pansy in appearance, its frame is extraordinarily sturdy and solid, designed to make the maximum of music in the minimum of space. A direct hit by a 75 would doubtless disturb its composure, but it can take virtually everything else that front line duty entails.

As for the piano's tone, Walter Damrosch, the eminent maestro, and Josef Hofmann, the celebrated pianist, are strictly cut plug about it. They ought to know.

Forty inches in height, the piano is neatly packed in an OD box 19½" x 53" x 25½". Four guys, assuming they don't have pernicious anemia, can toss it around with the greatest of ease. Each Special Service Unit will be furnished with four of them.

Some visitors help test piano for harmony.

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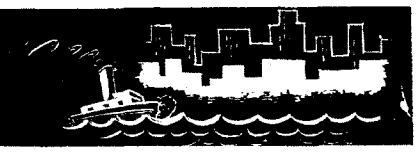
NEWS FROM HOME



AMERICA GETS TOUGH

A Nation Cracks Down Hard on Schicklegruber's Thugs, Then Goes About War's Grim Business.

This week, back home, America got tough. A little guy in Berlin said we weren't tough. He said it before the graduating class of the Nazi Saboteur School. "In America," he said, "you face a nation of weaklings, more interested in jazz and good times than in the safety of their country. If you succeed, I, your Fuehrer, will be proud of you. If you are caught, the worst that can happen is that the weakling Americans will put you in prison. After the war you will be freed."

This week, Americans in New York, Iowa and Seattle shook their fists in the direction of eight Nazi saboteurs. The first German invaders to set foot on American soil had been captured and tried before a military commission in Washington. Each of them was present that day in Berlin when Adolf Hitler spoke of the weakling Americans.

At 11:40 A.M., Saturday, August 8th, six prisoners were led into a drab little room in the District of Columbia Jail. Bright lights beat down. Shadowy figures ranged against the wall. The first of the prisoners was strapped into a big oak chair. A rubber hood was fitted over his head. Then a metal plate containing a brine-soaked sponge. Another metal plate was fastened to his leg. A moment later, as Washington's air raid sirens screamed, an Army officer gave a signal. And 30,000 volts of electricity ripped the life out of the man's body.

The first of the Nazi saboteurs was dead.

Five others followed in quick succession.

The other two were spared because they testified for the prosecution. They faced prison terms of 30 years and life, at hard labor.

In Berlin, Herr Schicklegruber went into seclusion to think it over. He had a few other things to think over, too. This week one of his better American mouthpieces, William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirter, was convicted of criminal sedition in Indianapolis and faced a sentence of 220 years in prison. And in Detroit, a German-born restaurant owner named Max Stephan was convicted of treason and sentenced to death—for giving aid and comfort to an escaped Nazi prisoner. It was the first treason conviction in the U. S. since 1789.

Troops with rifles and tommy guns are on the alert as six bodies of the executed saboteurs are taken from Washington, D. C., jail.

So this was the week for Americans to get tough. But aside from the angry clenching of fists and gritting of teeth, life in America went on the same as always. People worked harder as the headlines grew grimmer. People laughed, and people cried. The undercurrents that make up the bloodstream of America flowed on.

All over the country, the rubber controversy raged. The farm bloc in Congress insisted on greater use of farm products in making synthetic rubber. The President vetoed the bill as blocking the progress of the war production program. This week, however, the problem seemed nearer solution when the President appointed a three-man investigating board, headed by Bernard M. Baruch, who has a reputation for getting things done.

This week, too, the Department of Agriculture estimated that the 1942 cotton crop would be nearly 3,000,000 bales more than in 1941. In Downey, Idaho, four thousand turkeys were turned loose in the wheat fields to save the crops from the grasshoppers. Bumper grain crops continued to be harvested all over the country. The Army placed orders for huge quantities of wool for uniforms. The price of canned grapefruit was up 4%. Plans were underway to cultivate silkworms in the Everglades of Florida. And Elsie, the Borden cow, attended a ceremony in a New York restaurant, wherein her first-born calf was christened Victory.

Mrs. F. D. R. and Wilhelmina

In Chicago, this week, Philip Murray of the C.I.O. and William Green of the A.F. of L. met behind closed doors, and emerged with an announcement that the breach between the two groups would soon be healed. In Washington, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands visited Congress and the White House. In Washington, Henry J. Kaiser, the West Coast shipbuilder, was given a go-ahead on the manufacture of 500 huge 70 ton cargo planes.

In Cleveland, 40 animals, includ-

People Back Home—

Klamath Falls, Ore.—Bob Ellis made his fourth Army registration when the 45-65 call came. The first was for the Spanish-American War; the second, the Boxer Rebellion in China; the third, World War I. His son is a major in chemical warfare and his grandson an Army sergeant.

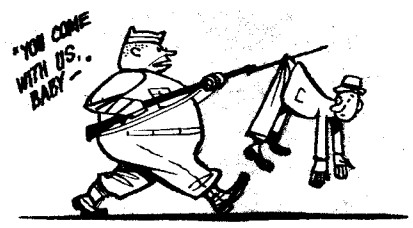
Compton, Cal.—The Col. Charles A. Lindbergh Grammar School here had its name changed. It is now the Captain Colin P. Kelly Grammar School.

Mangum, Okla.—B. H. Squire explained how he eats when his wife is out of town. He goes fishing, distributes the fish to his neighbors, then sits back and waits for the invitations that pour in.

Togus, Me.—The Civil War cannon at the Veterans' Hospital were melted down to furnish 12 tons of metal, enough to build a medium-sized tank.

Seattle, Wash.—Every woman capable of doing any sort of work was asked to register in a mobilization of womanpower to fill 100,000 jobs in shipyard and aircraft factories.

Helena, Mont.—A policeman who had been asked to keep check on a house while the lady was on vacation, found the door open. He walked in, turned on the lights, stepped into a bedroom and was met by a bloodcurdling scream. The lady had returned home unexpectedly and failed to notify the police.



Shawnee, Okla.—A Pottawatomie County draftee went AWOL, wrote his draft board much later asking for an honorable discharge "for the reason that I have found employment that much betters my living conditions." He reported that he was working on a dam in Colorado at $41 a week and closed his letter with "Hoping to hear from you immediately—." Said the Army: "He will!"

Boston—The will of Fred S. Cullen, aircraft worker of San Diego, Calif., left a three-acre farm in Deerfield, N. H., to the Animal Rescue League of Boston to be used as a rest home for aged horses.

New York—Agony-Item-of-the-Week in the "personals" columns of New York papers: "Terry: I have been walking on air since meeting you. In other words I am twitterpatted. Please call me at Circle 7-8282 and I'll know you are twitterpatted too. Toni."

Norwalk, Conn.—Princess Suzanne Engalitscheff, 83, one of the richest women in the world, died in the Genera Putnam Inn. The first of her four husbands, A. B. Emery, was the discoverer of the Silver King silver lode in Utah. Her other three husbands were a wealthy Detroit lumber operator, a Siberian physician and a member of the Russian imperial family.

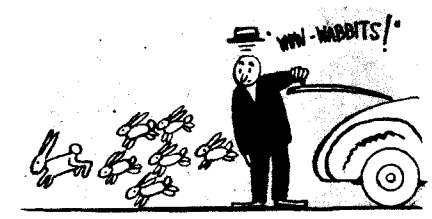
Woonsocket, R. I.—Police and FBI began investigation of vandalism which forced closing of the British-American War Relief Society's workshop here. The front of the headquarters had been defaced, swastikas had been painted on windows and a flagpole had been broken.

New York—Archbishop Athenagoras, primate of the Greek Orthodox Church on the American continent, left for Montreal to bless three ships which will carry food and medical supplies to Greece. The ships will sail under the Swedish flag and have been guaranteed safe conduct by the International Red Cross.

Roseville, Calif.—Francis Johnson, 21, did some fancy zig-zagging to avoid two trains coming at him in opposite directions. Safely across the tracks, he crashed into a police car.

Los Angeles—Frank K. Hauser was arraigned on a charge of bigamy when his wife noticed that he returned home with socks of a different color from the ones he wore when he left. She came across a telephone number and the woman who answered said she was Mrs. Hauser.

Albuquerque, N. M.—He kept well within the speed limit, but he was arrested anyway. The judge who fined him $100 for drunken driving said that nobody could be sober and drive consistently at that speed—three miles an hour.



Cadillac, Mich.—An out-of-season fisherman spotted a rabbit and loshed an expert cast which caught the bunny by the throat. He put the rabbit in the back of his car to prove his story. When he opened the trunk in town, he found seven rabbits.

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Slayer Eleanor and ex-husband

ing several elephants, were burned to death when a fire swept the menagerie quarters at the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus. In New York, the war movie, "Mrs. Miniver," finally moved out of the Radio City Music Hall, after a record-breaking 10 week run. In Chicago, a platinum blonde named Eleanor Williams shot Gordon J. McNaughton (former Boston Red Sox outfielder) when she found him in the apartment of another blonde named Dorothy Moos. Waldemar Von Zedwitz won the National Contract Bridge Championship. The Women's Naval Reserve, known as the WAVES, swore in its first ten officers. The Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, known as the WAACS, held its first retreat parade at Fort Des Moines, and did a good G.I. job. A Russian freighter was sunk off the Atlantic Coast, and two women crew members were lost. Divorce papers were served on Victor Mature in a Turkish bath. The magazine "Film Fun" was banned from the New York newsstands, for you know why. A Negro lawyer named G. Bruce Robinson became the first member of his race to be appointed Assistant Attorney General of the State of Massachusetts. And an astrologer named Blanca Holmes informed Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton that their marriage would work out because Cary is a Capricorn, and Barbara is a Sagittarius.

War Production Director William S. Knudsen predicted that within 30 days the United States would be outproducing all three members of the Axis. The government announced that in the last fiscal year, we spent $5,162,263,637.43.

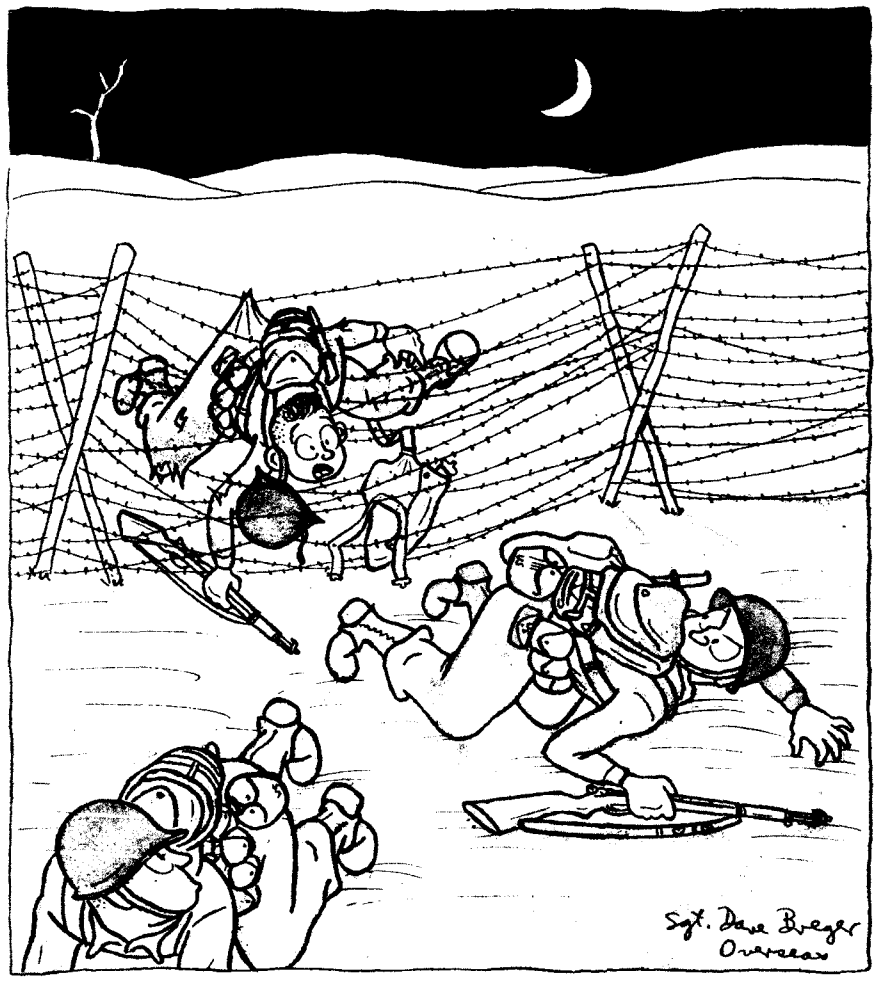
Ploeser was renominated for Congress in Missouri. Smith was renominated for Congress in Virginia. Capper got the Kansas Republican nomination for the Senate. "Jingle Jangle Jingle" remained Number One on the Hit Parade. A beaver drowned in a water pipe, and shut off the entire water supply of Central City, Colorado. A cow near Michigan City, Indiana, had triplets. A man appeared before the Senate with plans for a concrete submarine. Two new destroyers were launched at Charleston, S.C. A minesweeper was launched at Greenport, N. Y., with the champagne bottle being swung by a girl named Elsie Papajohn, who wrote to President Roosevelt begging for this fulfillment of her life's ambition. In Babylon, Long Island, two boys ran away in a rowboat, and were driven back home again by swarms of dive-bombing mosquitoes. The New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers drew $80,000 for Army and Navy Relief at the Polo Grounds. Marion Talley got a divorce. And the coeds at the University of Texas indicated in a pool that they preferred to marry brunettes, and that Donald Duck was their favorite actor.

Elsie's wish fulfilled

The federal government filed an injunction against James C. Petrillo, head of the Musicians' Union, to halt his ban on juke box and radio recordings. Representative Elmer J. Holland of Pennsylvania accused Capt. Joseph Patterson, publisher of the New York Daily News; Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the Washington Times-Herald, and Col. Robert C. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, of being pro-Axis. Patterson, Patterson and McCormick accused Representative Holland of being a "liar." The United States Government then accused Patterson, Patterson and McCormick of giving away U. S. military secrets to the enemy, and called them up for a Federal Grand Jury investigation.

This week, back home, America got tough.

G. I. JOE — by Sgt. Dave Breger



"Kin I help it if I never lived in the country an' stole watermelons like you guys?"

Brockton, Mass.—Konstantin Rozum, charged with fishing in restricted Waldo Lake, told the court that he was merely trying out a new line. The line didn't hook the court, which fined him $10 for a four-pound bass and a 23-inch pickerel he hooked during the experiments.

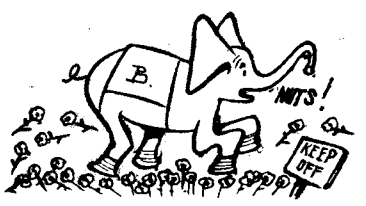
New London, N. H.—Warren Flagg, 20-year-old bellhop of Roslindale, Mass., put a paper cap on the firing pin of an ancient flintlock gun, fired the cap and lowered the weapon. A charge of powder and shot which had been in the gun for possibly 100 years exploded, sent Flagg to the hospital with serious wounds.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Added to the list of hotels taken over here by the Army Air Forces replacement training center were the Chelsea, Stanton, Stevenson, Flanders, Knights of Columbus, Crillon, Glaslyn-Chatham and Penn-Ryan.

Washington—Policemen, called to clear a traffic jam on Wisconsin Avenue, found the offending parties a strutting male peacock, followed by an admiring female of the species. Both were returned to the zoo.

Hollywood—The old-style gala film premiere, searchlights and all, was shelved for the duration. Under a dim-out regulation dated August 20, even lighted theater marquees and illuminated billboards are banned as far as 150 miles inland.

Kendallville, Ind.—Gardeners' tempers simmered and steamed at rabbits which destroy their vegetables. It's closed season on rabbits and local laws forbid shooting within the city limits.



Duluth, Minn.—Bessie, the elephant, broke out of the Duluth Zoo, ripped the rear porch stairs from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Anderson, destroyed a tree, tore up the flowerbeds and yanked off a door handle before she could be captured.

Providence, R. I.—W. C. Fields Jr., Los Angeles lawyer and son of the film comedian, was married to Miss Anne Ruth Stevens, former clerk and secretary at Oliver Hazard Perry Junior High School.

Philadelphia—Edward Goldsmith, 32, was held on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses. He was accused of impersonating a Board of Health inspector, a city detective, a fire marshal, a police inspector, a G-Man and a special government agent.

Augusta, Me.—Students in Maine's high schools next year may study a course in the practical application of inflation, rent control and rationing.

Cleveland—Alois Krzic completed 13 years of boycotting a Cleveland electric company and declared that "as far as I'm concerned they can stop producing the stuff." He uses gas lamps, a gasoline washing machine and a crystal radio set and puts food in the basement to keep it cool.

Detroit—Circuit Judge Earl C. Pugsley imposed prison sentences on two former police inspectors to close the major phase of a graft clean-up campaign that had convicted a former mayor, a former sheriff, a former prosecutor and a number of police officials.

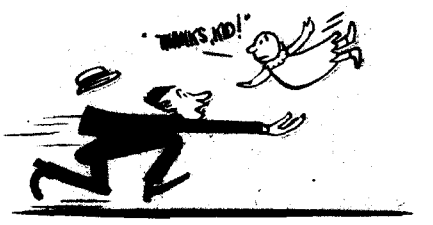
Boston—When 30 policemen rushed to the Neponsit River bridge on reports of an enemy two-man sub trapped there, they found the sub to be a baby seal caught in the bridge piling. It freed itself and headed to sea before anyone could reach it.

Paris, Mo.—When Ach Ball's wife and five children fell ill, he acted as nursemaid, did the cooking and housekeeping, took care of 21 expectant-mother ewes 1½ miles from the house, fed and watered four horses plus the hogs plus the chickens, milked eight cows, and cut and hauled wood from the timber lot a mile away.

Hood River, Ore.—Attempting to rouse the town for an early-morning alert, a civilian defense captain started raising a racket with his shotgun. When he rushed to the telephone to find out how he was doing, the telephone was dead. He had shot down the wires.

Los Angeles—Marion Talley, the farm girl who became an opera star, got her final divorce decree from her former voice coach, Adolph G. Eckstron, and was given custody of their daughter, Susan.

Bloomfield, Mo.—The Chamber of Commerce voted financial support for a 12- to 15-acre garden project which will give work to 20 persons and provide money for the free-lunch program in city schools.



Coffeyville, Kans.—Joe Cramer looked up and saw a 2½-year-old girl hanging by her hands from a high fire-escape. As he watched, her fingers slipped and she fell. Cramer caught her safely a few inches from the concrete.

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MAORI BOY *A Maori soldier cleans his bayonet after an engagement with German and Italian troops near El Alamein. The Maori are fighting with the new Zealanders in Egypt. They like hand-to-hand combat, like it too well for Nazi-Fascist tastes.*

On the assault course at West Point, N. Y., screen, hurdle a trench and tear after t realistic maneuvers. Elsewhere along the course, the lads did a bit of fences. All in all, no sissy run. You'll be seeing these babies in a fe

SNOW BOUND *Col. Bernt Balchen, famous arctic explorer, heard a weak SOS, flew off in a Navy PBY and found this Flying Fortress and crew here shown forced down on the Greenland Ice Cap. He directed rescue operations and got the whole assemblage safely off.*

EIGHT SALUTES *are due these sisters in white, all members of the Tollette family, of San Antonio, Texas. Every one has a nursing career. Two are Army Nurses; three are scheduled for duty in the near future. The Tollettes can be proud of their daughters.*

LEG ART *Here are seven selected lovelies from a Chicago sch otic, right down to their lower extremities, or, if patriotic slogans carried here are: Save Tires, Keep 'Em Flying, and Do they don't need more slogans, though you could probably dream a fe*

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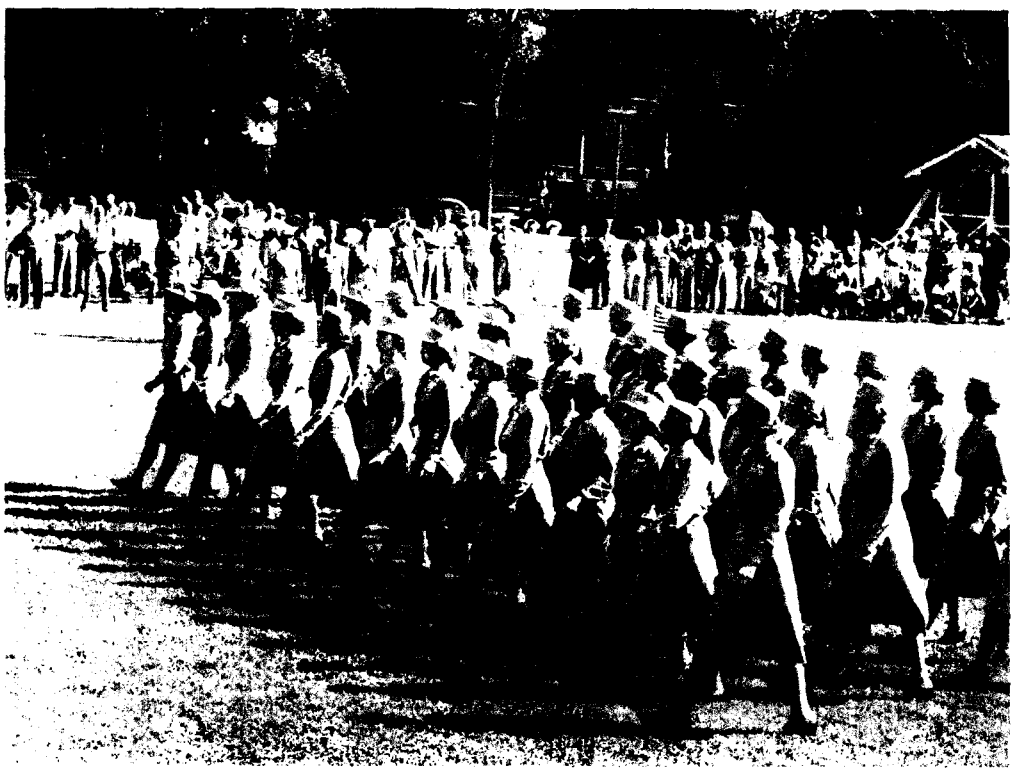
drive through a smoke
emy" in some pretty
eting, and hurdled log
s—with bars on.

Men are soldiers these days, and farm labor is hard to get, so Sister Mary Othelia herself drives this tractor on the farm of the Order of St. Francis in Lemont, Ill. And makes an unforgettable picture of America facing the hardships and shortages of war.

models getting patri-
sist, legs. Among the
No to the U.S.O. No,

It ain't a deep breath. This soldier in Panama is just wearing the buoyancy bailoon which helps the bushmasters cross jungle streams.



A platoon of WAACS swings past the reviewing stand at Fort Des Moines, Ia. After just three weeks of training the girls put on a show that draws many a compliment from the inspecting officers. "Eyes Right" is the order, and Eyes Right it is.

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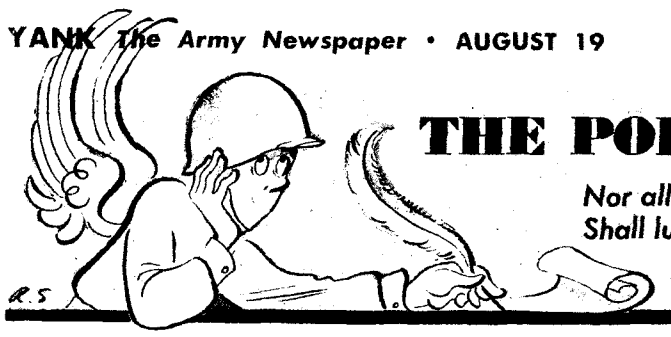


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE COLONEL

"My battalion is formed," said the Major,
"In the manner prescribed by the Book.
"Will the Colonel please come look them over?"
Said the Colonel: "I'll look."

"They're a fine bunch of men," said the Major.
"Not even one case of V.D.
"I think you will find them most sturdy."
Said the Colonel: "We'll see."

"They're rarin' to go," said the Major,
"And spoiling to get in a fight.
"They're the best group of men in the service."
Said the Colonel: "All right."

The battalion moved over the parade ground,
The captains and first sergeants roared
Out commands while the Major looked happy.
Said the Colonel: "I'm bored.'

The battalion marched over the parade ground,
And damn it, they marched very well.
The Major puffed up like a pigeon
Said the Colonel: "Oh, hell.'

Said the Colonel: "I'm sick of reviewing."
The colors and standards all drooped.
"To be frank with you men—and I mean it,"
Said the Colonel: "I'm pooped."

Pvt. John Buoy

PSALM OF LIFE

(Officer Candidate Version)
With apologies to Longfellow.

Down the path of toil and trouble
Headed for we know not where,
We are marching at the double
Praying that we'll soon be there.
Though the way be dark and dreary,
Growing worse each passing day . . .
Though our aching backs are weary
We just laugh our woes away.
Many things occur to irk us,
But we lift our chins and smile.
Though our tutors drive and work us,
We are cheerful all the while.
Out of bed before the daylight;
Toiling till the set of sun.
Often does the stroke of midnight
Find us with our tasks half done.
But we'll go on to the finish
With our faces toward the stars;
Never let our hopes diminish
That we'll win those golden bars.

M/Sgt. W. F. Kennedy
Ft. Monroe, Va.
111th C.T.

WHATTA LIFE!

Give me the life of a soldier
Who lives in an open tent.
(He doesn't know what to do with dough,
Because he pays no rent).
Give me the life of a soldier
Who works and plays and drills.
(He enjoys his chows, for the law allows
He need not foot the bills.)
Give me the life of a soldier
Who's up at early dawn.
(His eyes are bright, for he slept all night.
Excuse me while I yawn).
Yes, give me the life of a soldier
Who meets all kinds and types
(You can give me those good ol' G.I. clothes . . .
But, God, please add some stripes!)

Camp Beauregard Pelican

THE UNITED STATES MARINES

You can have all your doughboys,
You can have your sailors, too,
But I will take another,
And I'm certain he will do.

The doggies aren't too bad, and,
Though the Navy's pretty keen,
You will never find the beat of
The United States Marines.

—Cpl. D. B. Catalano.
The Marine Recruiter

T N T FOR TOKYO

Up! Up! My lads, the moon is fair,
We've work to do in upper air.
Cargo, tonight, as you must know,
Is T. N. T. for Tokyo.

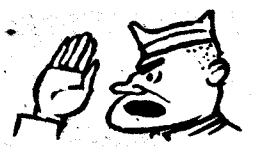
Avenge Pearl Harbor and Bataan?
Hell Yes! We'll do that—every man.
And, time is near when we will sow
Our righteous wrath on Tokyo.

We'll comb the land, the clouds, the seas
Until we find the Japanese.
And when we do we'll fix them so
They'll not return to Tokyo.

So gather, Eagles, in your might,
A battle brood that's fit to fight.
Equipped with men and planes to go,
We'll blast Hell out of Tokyo.

Lt. Col. N. R. Cooper

Mail Call



DEAR YANK:
To settle an argument, will you answer the following questions?
(1) Can a man who is shot accidentally wear a wound stripe?
(2) Is it true that after the war the government will sell jeeps and other vehicles which are not wanted to civilian purchasers?

PVT. CAS MILEWSKI
Alaska

A man shot accidently can't wear anything but a big, fat bandage. To wear a wound stripe a man must have been wounded in line of duty. As to the selling of jeeps after the war, your guess is as good as ours. The government hasn't got around to deciding THAT yet. Let's win the war, first.

DEAR YANK:
I was a wireman in the Royal Air Force (Civilian Technical Corps), having passed a special exam prepared by the U. S. Civil Service Commission. On Feb. 26, I resigned at the request of the U. S. Government, and received an Honorable Discharge. On May 20, I enlisted in the Army. I am 20 years old, have a high school education, know photography backward and forward, and because of my experience, had every reason to believe I would be assigned to a ground crew of our Air Force. Instead, I am in a Medical Battalion! What kind of a screwy Army is this?

PVT. MEYER KRONBERG
Camp Shelby, Miss.

DEAR YANK:
Why don't you tell that Vital Cog guy to take the cotton out of his mouf? He's about as funny as the binominal theorem.

S/SGT. GARY OWEN
Fort Riley

Ft. Dix, N. J.

DEAR YANK:
The only thing that would make my life complete right now is $25 every two weeks, and a lot of the boys feel the same way. When a man has to go a month between paydays he's liable to save up steam and bust wide open when his fifty smackers (less deductions) hit his hand. How about it?

PVT. ANDREW HOLCOMB

Anyone else got anything to say about paydays twice a month?

Camp Lee, Va.

DEAR YANK:
Just out of curiosity where does your inquiring photographer get all the goofy-looking faces he photographs? Are they real or does he rent them from some freak show? Honest, I'm curious.

PVT. B. B.

We'll answer that when you send in your picture, and not before.

DEAR YANK:
Regarding Pvt. John Rosson's disappointment in not being able to find any grass skirts in Hawaii (YANK, July 1), I'd just like to tell him that there are plenty of places here where he can buy them. Most of the skirts I've seen, though, are of modern design — made of cellophane. Quite a few native organizations have put on hula shows for us, grass skirts included, but if you've seen one you've seen them all. Incidently, that article on credit being cut out by Oct. 1 puzzles me, as we haven't had any since things started to pop. We've been drawing big pay checks all along, though, especially with the 20% extra for overseas service. Of course, the prices here have hopped up in the bargain, but we're doing O.K.
Thanks for that article on the Dodgers. I'm from Brooklyn and still loyal.

PVT. JERRY SUSSMAN
Hawaii

Words Across the Sea

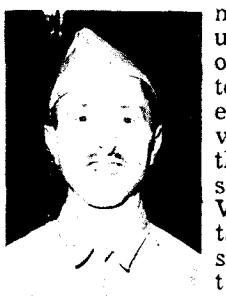
Despite the smile, **Cpl. Murray Pincus**, Mitchel Field, has nothing but bad news for his old friend Cpl. Morton Golden, somewhere in the Pacific. Cpl. Pincus says: "Four tires are missing on your car and the body just stands there looking lonesome Can't tow it anyplace. One fellow took the gas tank to store extra gas for his own car." To take the curse off the above catalog of grief, he adds, "Give my regards to the gang."

Cpl. Leonard North of the R.A.F. was slightly wobbling, recovering from a big night, but he had two messages for overseas friends. From his brother, Pvt. George North, Royal Army Service Corps, probably in the British Isles, he'd like to hear news of his wife who was "expecting." He asks, "Is Peggy well, and is it a boy?" To Pvt. Johnny Wheeler, also Royal Army, somewhere in Libya: "Haven't heard from you in a long time. Give the Ities a bit of blighty to worry about."

Pfc. Duane O. Thrush is an Air Force drill instructor at Miami Beach, Florida. He'd like to rejoin his old hometown partner-in-crime, Pvt. Johnny Corbin of Brookville, Pa. To Pvt. Corbin, wherever he is, Duane says: "Saw your people at Church Sunday and your girl last week and they're all okay. Do your best till I can get there. Drop me a line."

Pvt. Claude Booten is another Air Force man. He came into the service with Pvt. Donald Scott from their home town of Jacksonville, Florida. Now Pvt. Scott is overseas, address unknown. Says Pvt. Brooks to Pvt. Scott, "Be a good boy, you Scott. I'll be over later on. Saw your wife, Lilly Belle, not so long ago. She was well and misses you. Best of luck."

It's not a retouched photograph. **Pvt. Emanuel Lefkowitz** has a real mustache on his upper lip. He's out at Camp Upton, but wherever he goes he vows not to shave the mouser until six months after Victory. Mustache and all he sends a message to his closest friend, Pvt. Irving Levine, with whom he's lost contact: "Write your cousin Ruby, so he can get in touch with me."



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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 19, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 10
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

To Whom It May Concern

The time has come, we think, to ask a very simple question:

"When do we fight?"

Being soldiers, we have sat around for months now, waiting for that question to be answered for us. It hasn't been.

Meanwhile, the wounds of the world have been gouged deeper, and salt has been poured into the wounds.

We came here to fight. Instead we have listened to sales talk as if someone were trying to *sell* us the idea of fighting. We have heard lectures and propaganda as if someone were trying to quell the fears of little boys.

We have heard that production will win the war, and that is all right with us. We have heard of the heroes of the production line, and that is all right with us, too. We have heard of the Home Front and its importance, and that is all right with us. To the heroes of production, we are willing to bequeath all our little slugs of copper and brass; we hereby give them the D.F.C., the D.S.C., the Congressional Medal of Honor and all the other little trinkets which inherently have been given to the men of war. We even name them in our wills as having the privilege of picking their unknown soldiers after it is all over. And that is all right with us.

These facts we hold to be self-evident: That we need the planes, the guns, the ordnance, the transport to win this war.

We know, furthermore, that the world at war is a vast maze of complicated problems in logistics and transport and production and we know that fronts are hard to open.

But we know also that we came into this profession of soldiering in all good faith. Many of us came because we were asked and because it was our duty. We came with a common purpose and a common goal.

We came here to fight.

We have waited.

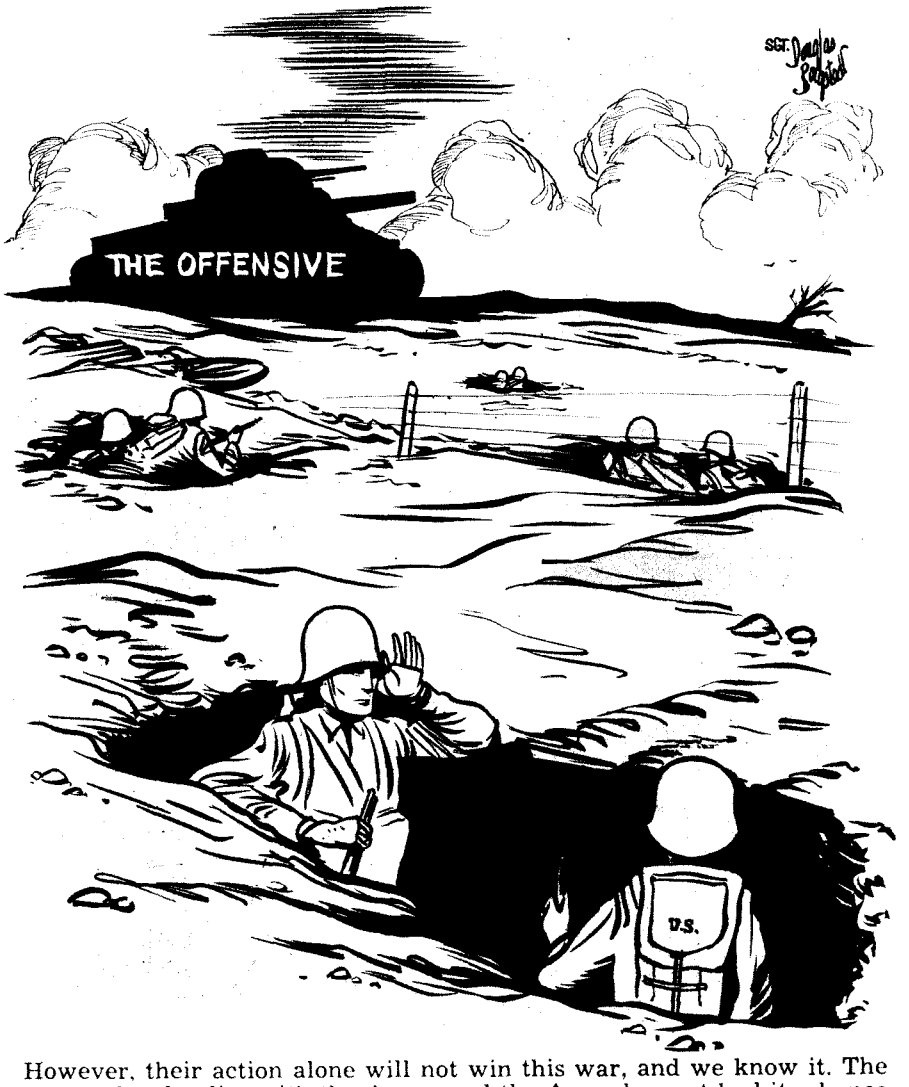
Complex be the world or not, we came here to fight.

We did not come here to wait.

Did they wait at Dunkerque for some Ministry to build them a fleet of luxury liners to come and take them home? Did they wait at Tobruk for air-conditioned barracks? Or over the channel in September, 1940, did they sit around and wait for a new catalogue of fighter planes to hurl at the enemy?

The Marines have had their first offensive crack at the enemy in the Solomon Islands. The Navy has had its crack at the Axis all over the world. The Air Force has knocked silly certain of the enemy emplacements.

LISTENING FOR THE STARTING GUN



However, their action alone will not win this war, and we know it. The greater burden lies with the Army, and the Army has not had its chance at offensive action.

We know that only the warrior is the conqueror, and we can not win this war without fighting.

It is not easy. It is never going to be easy to open a front or start fighting. But as soldiers, we came here to fight.

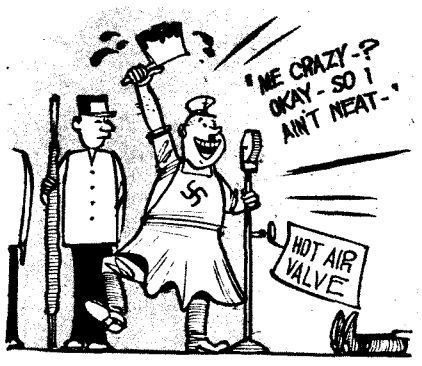
When in God's name do we fight?

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Bound to Lose

Before the war, France boasted its famous "Cent Kilos Club," which was composed of men weighing more than 100 kilos, or 220 pounds. Pierre Laval attempted to keep the club going as a symbol of flourishing French prosperity under the gentle guiding hand of the German New Order.

Last week, the club had to be disbanded. Every member had lost from 50 to 110 pounds.



Booby-Hatch Blues

Julius Streicher, the famous Nazi "Butcher of Nuremberg," is back writing editorials for Adolf Hitler again in his newspaper, Der Stuermer. Brother Streicher is in wonderful form, according to the BBC, and is writing good Nazi editorials like mad.

In order to get back on the job, Streicher had to be released from one of Germany's finest insane asylums.

Expectant City

The city of Berlin, which Marshal Goering once said would never feel the impact of a single enemy bomb, underwent its most extensive air raid drill of the war on August 5th. "The nights are getting longer," explained DNB, "and the enemy may be expected." In the meantime, thousands of additional air raid wardens are being trained in the technique of removing bodies from wrecked buildings.

A G.I. Could Tell

Army and Marine Corps officials are completely puzzled over what to do with Lieut. Delano T. Shirley. Lieutenant Shirley suddenly left his post at Fort Benning last week. A few days later, he turned up in the Marines. He had enlisted as a Private.

Department of Understatement

In an interview with the Berlin correspondent of the Swedish newspaper *Dygeter Aftonbladet*, Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo, said last week, "I must admit that I am becoming slightly disturbed at the reluctance of the occupied territories to accept our culture."

The Fireflies

Civilian Defense Director John J. Walker of Philmont, New York, issued the following communique, after being swamped with complaints that many lights had been visible during one of his test blackouts. "The lights," said Director Walker, "were caused by fireflies in large and unusually exceptional sizes."

That'll Learn 'Em

The Seattle city council has sent to San Francisco for broadcast to Japan, a copy of City Ordinance No. 59867. The ordinance was passed more than fifteen years ago, and provides that "No explosive shall be transported over any part of the city in an aeroplane or any other aircraft."

You're Telling Us

According to the Tokyo Radio, the Japanese newspaper *Nichi Nichi* takes great delight in comparing the war with a baseball game. "The contest is not over until the ninth inning," says *Nichi Nichi*, "when opposing team makes bat at home plate for last decisive time."

Unanswerable

The following obituary from the Associated Press was posted in a company mess hall in Reykjavik, Iceland:

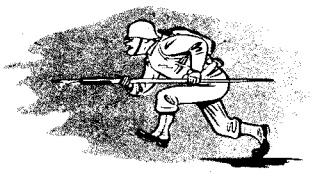
"John Wagner, who during the Klondike gold rush was known as the strongest man on the Chilkoot Pass Trail, died yesterday at the age of 80. He was the only packer in the Klondike who could carry a cook stove on his back."

Underneath the obituary was the notation: "And you guys complain about barracks bags."

First Name Yehudi

For some strange reason, the Berlin Radio is making much to do this week about the Sandy Hook lighthouse being extinguished for the first time since 1764. The light was not *put* out, says Berlin, it was *knocked* out by a German sailor named Zimmermann, who landed from a U-boat and gaily threw hand grenades at the 400-foot tower. Berlin makes no attempt to explain how Brother Zimmermann could have wriggled through the defenses of Fort Hancock, which also happens to be on Sandy Hook.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to soldiers.



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This is the master of an ancient art.

"The thoughtful goldbrick will remember the importance of keeping machines well oiled."

The Ethical Approach to GOLDBRICKING

With a Superficial Appraisal of Its Practical Aspects

TREATISE BY CPL. MARION HARGROVE, PH.B.
DIAGRAMS BY SGT. RALPH STEIN, R.A.

GOLDBRICKING is one of the most ancient and honorable professions in military history. When Hannibal crossed the Alps, pioneer goldbricks rode atop his elephants and waved away the flies.

The whole essence of goldbricking lies in the appearance of hard labor and earnest industry. The expert goldbrick is the busiest looking man in the neighborhood. The master goldbrick excites the pity of his officers, who think he is overworking himself.

Although, in time, the conscientious goldbrick develops such a complete understanding of his art that no effort is necessary in overcoming individual problems, he must apply himself with diligence to mastering each of the simple ways of avoiding labor.

Besides remembering such things as the fact that the shortest man on a log-toting detail has the least work and that he who carries his own butts and matches while policing the area needn't pick up more, he will master the elementary goldbricking systems.

Perhaps the best method yet perfected is the Supervising, or Expert, Routine. Whether the task be bricklaying, post-hole digging or manure-spreading, the conscientious goldbrick will come up as an authority on the work. He can seat himself on the sidelines and instruct the less imaginative common laborers.

Closely allied with this routine is the Tool-Carrying and Door-Holding System. If a heavy tank is to be carried from one place to another, the thoughtful goldbrick will remember the importance of keeping machines well oiled and will bring along a can for this purpose. Naturally, he can be of no help with the tank while one hand is already occupied with an oilcan.

If no tools or oilcans are available, he will do his part by holding open the door at the start and finish of the trek.

A variation of this is the Git Thar Fustest (Get There Firstest) Method. Assigned to a digging detail, the assiduous goldbrick will head the line which goes to the supply room for shovels, in order that he may have first grab at a rake. Applying this method, he will arrive early for KP, pocket a potato peeler and sit outside in the shade skinning spuds while his duller compeers sweat away at the sinks.

There is also the friendly approach. The master craftsman engages his non-com in agreeable debate while time flies and labor lags.

ıe master goldbrick excites the
y of his officers, who think he is overworking
nself."

"The assiduous goldbrick has first grab at a rake."

In all of these, the serious goldbrick will take professional pride in his art and remember that it is an art. He will never forget its ethics. No matter how serious the problem, he will remember that going on sick call is crude and unsporting and that hiding from work is cowardly and abominable. He will venerate the code and traditions of goldbricking and protect them from corruption and decay.

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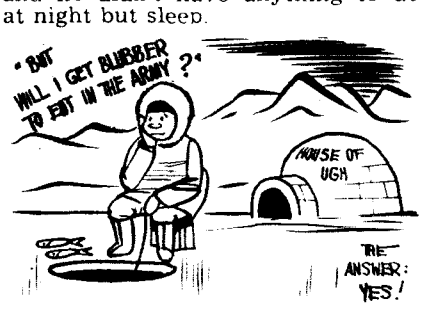
BETWEEN the LINES

SAMMY UGH, VITAL COG

Once upon a time, in the frozen wastelands of the far north, there lived a little boy named Sammy Ugh. Sammy was a fat and happy little Eskimo boy, who frolicked and played and rolled in the snow all day.

Sammy's boyhood would be the envy of all the other little boys we know. He didn't have anything to do all day long but roll in the snow and he didn't have anything to do at night but sleep.



Sometimes Sammy would have to sit with a fishline over a hole in the ice and wait for a fish to bite. But he never had to chop kindling, because there was no fire in his igloo, and he never had to wash behind his ears, because the Eskimos around his part of the frozen northland never took baths of any kind, not even sponge baths.

So Sammy led a peaceful, lazy and untroubled life. When he grew older and wiser, he found that it was unnecessary to hold a fishline at all, if he merely tied the end of the line to a bone which he stretched across the hole in the ice. He also found that it was unnecessary to roll in the snow. From that time on, he just sat in his igloo all day long, eating tallow and blubber and breaking the monotony by sleeping.

Then one day Sammy Ugh found himself in the Army, even as you and I. No one knows how he got in the Army; he just woke up one morning and there he was.

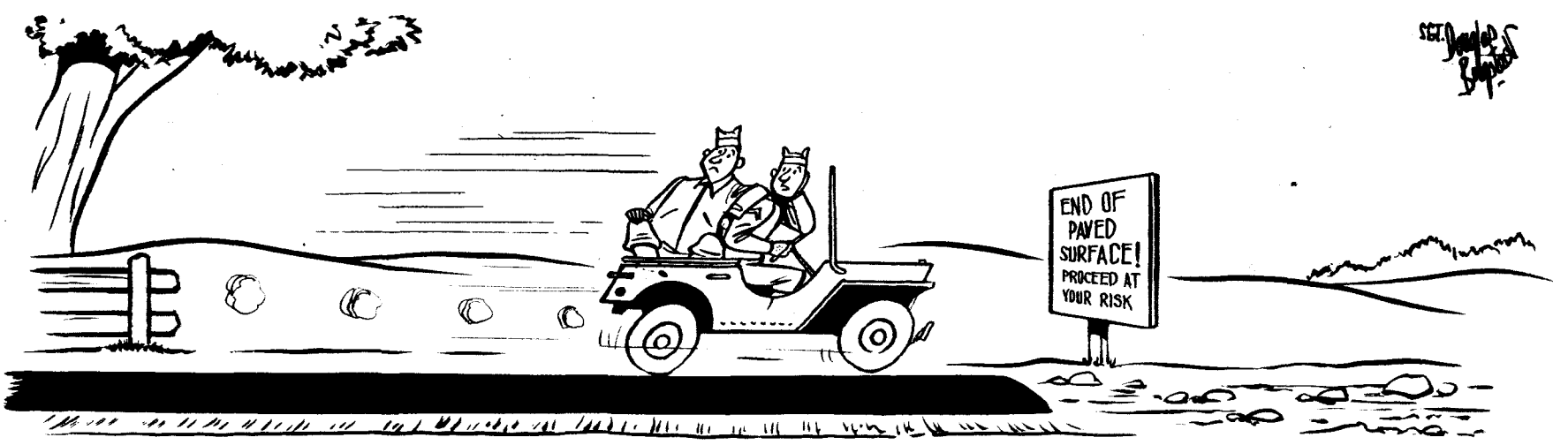
"Oh, what can I do in the Army?" asked Sammy Ugh. "How can I be a vital cog in the war effort?"

At first glance, this looks like a very hard question. But it was not difficult for the classification office. It took one look at Sammy Ugh's yellow card and said, "We have just the spot for you, son!"

So they made Sammy Ugh a fireman and latrine orderly and they put him in our outfit.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove

CORP. PETE & HIS JEEP



"It's about time! These smooth roads bore me to death!"

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STRICTLY G.I.

We've got two air-borne divisions now—the 82nd Infantry, and the 101st—with a total of 8,000 men each. They'll be dropping down on 'Itler one of these days in transports and gliders.

A new combat outfit, called the First Special Service Force, will be composed of men who are skilled in every offensive operation you can think of. It will even include Canadians, and it will train in a camp at Helena, Mont. This will be the first time in history that Canadians have served as part of a Yank unit.

The Engineer Amphibian Command, which is cooking with gas at Camp Edwards, Mass., will be employed in special assault missions and landing operations. The EAC seems to be composed of sail boat operators, mechanics, deep sea sailors, boat builders and Pvt. Ralph Ingersoll, who used to be editor of PM, the New York morning newspaper.

The Service of Supply, which coordinates, directs, and speeds men, equipment and supplies hither and yon has created the Army Transportation Corps, whose function is just that.

Air Force gunners now wear wings similar to those worn by pilots, which they get after concluding a five-weeks course at Gunnery School. First two gunners to get their wings were Tech Sergeants Robert L. Golay and Eldred V. Scott, who helped shoot up the Nazi-held Netherlands in the first U. S. raid on that country.

Now that the 1-B's are getting the hook, you can expect 1,000,000 new buddies.

Names

John Walter Bowman has just been made a 1st Lieutenant. The reason: he's the first Negro Roman Catholic Chaplain ever appointed in the Army.

Harry Eugene Gleason just got 22 months in the jug. Impersonating an officer, he got nailed when he saluted a private before Dogface saluted him.

Sgt. Martin C. Kornblatt got his name changed to **Martin C. Kern.** He was unhappy with his old name. "Trainees won't mind me," he told the judge. "They make fun of my name and call me **Sgt. Cornstalk** and **Cornstarch.** And **Corncob,** too."

The Army builds men, all right. Last March 28th **Ray Fellows** was a Pfc. in a Message Center. Sixteen days later he was 1st Sgt. of a Hq. Battery.

Sgt. Milton A. Crews, of Camp Blanding and a glutton for punishment, has just asked for his first furlough in 14 years. Only a 10 day one, at that.

In The Navy . . .

More coffee is used per man than in any other fighting group in the world.

The word gob is taboo.

Applicants are rejected if they have feelthy peectures tattooed on their torsos, though if they have clothes tattooed on their tattooes they can get in.

The Annapolis goat inherits the job, the same family of goats having been used since the custom was started.

Incidentally . . .

The silver bars of a 1st Louie are now open to hospital internes. That doesn't necessarily mean you, pill-pusher.

In Whiteriver, Ariz., 14 young Apache braves were anointed with sacred meal before they went off to join the palefaces' Army.

Headline in New York paper: LOCAL TOMATOES AT HEIGHT.

The Army Ground Forces are looking for an official marching song. You won't get paid, but you might salve the Infantry. Send your song to AGF Marching Song Competition, Public Relations Section, Hq. AGF, Army War College, Washington, D. C. Get it in before Sept. 30.

Just in case you don't know it, your 50 cal. machine-gun can throw out lead at the rate of some 600 shots per minute. These shots will rip through ⅝-inch of armor plate at 500 yards, and, at 100 yards, crumble a 6-inch thickness of concrete. Whether you're infantry, armored force or air, it's a nice gun to have.

Our Washington man reports that the new Pentagon Building, which will house the whole blasted War Department, is so big that it has its own travel bureau. The building is built on the general lines of a G.I. hospital, and is just about as hard to figure out. The current story is that of a Western Union boy who went in to deliver a telegram and came out three days later as a Major in the Air Force.

SGT. HARRY BROWN

Carol Bruce

Some Change!

Carol Bruce, alas, has changed.

Not so long ago, the Sultry One was interested only in maintaining the morale of the nation as a whole.

This she accomplished by varied methods, the most interesting of which were (1) modelling strapless bathing suits; (2) singing sexy songs, accompanied by appropriate torso movements; (3) standing around in panties and brassiere in the musical comedy "Louisiana Purchase"; and (4) playing movie scenes in a state of partial undress, with such Hollywood characters as Abbott and Costello and the Ritz brothers.

Now La Bruce has turned to the far nobler task of maintaining the spirits of the Army. But something has gone wrong with her philosophy.

She visits Army camps like mad. She looks up all the boys she used to know from Broadway, Hollywood, and the Borscht Circuit. She picks up hitch-hiking G.I.'s and gets them dates with her kid sister, Marilyn. She sells war bonds. She sings such patriotic tunes as "God Bless America" and "I Left My Heart At The Stage Door Canteen." She presents photographs of herself to Army pilots, so they may have something pleasant to contemplate as they wing into battle. The U.S.O. is happy. The Hollywood Victory Committee is happy.

But somehow, as one private put it, she just ain't cookin' with a blue flame.

Please, Carol. Can't you model a few strapless bathing suits again? Or sing a few songs, accompanied by appropriate movements of the torso? Or maybe do the scene from "Louisiana Purchase" where you just stand around in—(see third paragraph—No. 3.)

You have no idea what that would do to our spirits.

HOLLYWOOD IN WARTIME

Hollywood, brethren, is a wonderful place.

In Hollywood, there is no war. Just a few prop shell bursts, an air raid siren or two, a chorus softly singing "Remember Pearl Harbor" off stage, and a director who yells "Cut!" whenever the action becomes a little too horrible.

In Hollywood, they are having a wonderful time. The producers are still producing, the directors are still directing, the writers are writing, the actors acting, the press agents press-agenting. They are producing, directing, writing, acting, press agenting pictures like "Cargo of Innocents", "Skyway to Glory", "Night Plane For Chungking", which are not about *The* War, but about Hollywood's War. They are turning out pictures like "Tish", "DuBarry Was A Lady", "Panama Hattie", which are called "escape" films.

Propaganda Doesn't Draw

When the people say, "Why don't you turn your marvelous talents to giving us real propaganda pictures that will inflame us to greater efforts to win The *War?", Hollywood pats the people on the head and says, "Now, tut, tut, people. You don't want propaganda pictures. You want* escape *pictures—to help you get away from it all. Besides, propaganda pictures never drew well at the box-office."*

So they keep turning out what they are turning out. They even send what they are turning out to the soldiers, to try to make the soldiers believe that they are not fighting *The* War, but Hollywood's War is so much more comfortable.

In Hollywood, they are working like dogs to win their war. They come back from camp shows, U.S.O. benefits, bond drives, sweating from the effort they have put into it. They compliment each other on how they wowed them. They pat each other on the back, and say, "Of *course* we're doing our part. We are specialists, and here is where we belong. Our work is important. We are doing as much as the boys on the fighting fronts." Then they go home, take a quick dip in their swimming pools, and rest up for a week before the next camp show comes along.

Motion Picture Corporals

In Hollywood, they even have their own army to fight their war. Usually their soldiers are deferred from military service in *The* War. But if they are called up or drafted, there is a niche all ready for them. They become M.P. (Motion Picture) Corporal. This is a special grade, limited to a very few citizens of genuine Hollywood background. It is only a temporary status, promotion from which is directly to the rank of lieutenant. An M.P. Corporal wears a special uniform, has special privileges, and generally is in the same category as an officer, without the insignia. Sometimes, instead of an M.P. Corporal, they become Flight Sergeants, or in the Navy, Chief Specialists. However, it all amounts to the same thing.

In Hollywood, they don't bother to read the headlines. It's much too upsetting. That's how it is that one well-meaning film company released Nazi propaganda films direct from the Goebbels laboratories, all over the country. When the government tapped this company on the shoulder and said, "What's the idea?", the company said, "Who me?", and then after examining the films, exclaimed, "But they had such patriotic titles!"

Besides, why should they read the papers, when they have high-priced publicity men to turn out much more readable tidbits such as "The season's newest dance is the Bambi Polka, which answers the need for something light and sprightly as an antidote to the war mood", or "MGM is conducting a nationwide search to find America's seven most romantic cities," or "Freddie Bartholomew's feelings for Mickey Rooney have changed. He now says, 'Take it from me, that Mick's a solid guy! He jives right on the beam!'"

Yes, brethren, Hollywood is a wonderful, wonderful place.

SGT. BILL DAVIDSON

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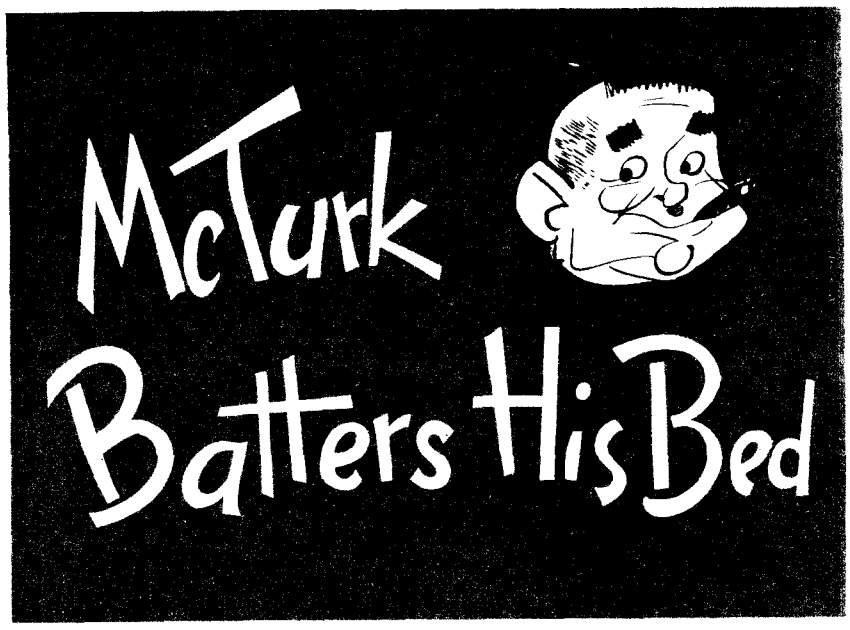
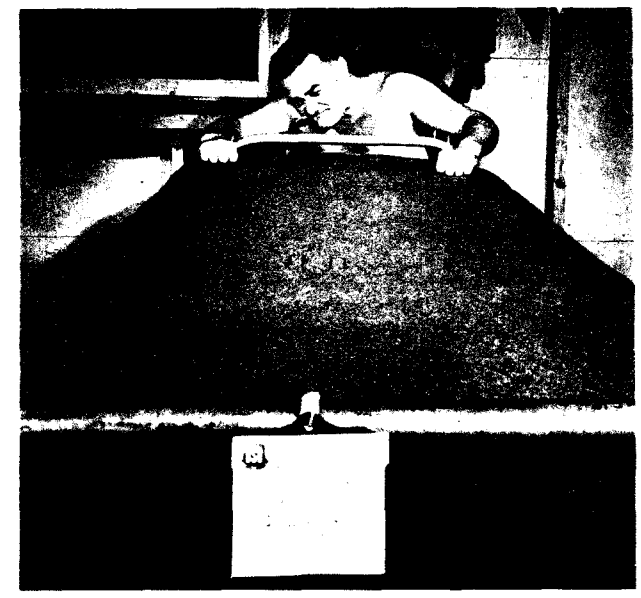


WELL, mash our mouthpiece if it isn't Staten Island's contribution to the list of Section 8's. This time it makes with a bed. Seems that the Post Laundry, in a fit of energy, has actually sent around some clean sheets. McTurk doesn't see why he's got to change sheets. "The ole ones wasn't doidy," he says. "Just a little gray, thass all." But he's a game guy, not to say gamey, and he's learned plenty from chambermaids in his day. They've learned plenty from him, too, but that's another story. A long one.

THE FIRST THING Ye Bedmaker does is contemplate the task before him. McTurk, chewing the cigar which constitutes the only roughage his poor, downtrodden stomach gets, proceeds to contemplate like mad. Below him the bare bed beckons fetchingly.

McTURK doesn't understand why he has to change his mattress cover, too. "It never touches me flesh," he says. "You leave a mattress cover on and it gives the bed a poisonal flavor. Putting on a mattress cover is like putting a goidle on your wife or somebody."



THE BED is as collapsible as McTurk after a dozen beers. Some Army, when a man should take out accident insurance just to make a bed. Don't look now, chums, but we think Mac swallowed his cheroot. If he did, this collapse may be due to the fact that his belly is burning. We never mentioned this before, but the Medical Corps shavetail who X-rayed the McTurk torso is now in the Booby Hatch.

ALL IS now quiet in the Staten Island sector and the mattress cover has assumed its proper position. Mac's stogie has even reappeared. He swallered it, all right, but you can't keep a good cigar down. "I love this butt like a brother," McTurk is wont to say.

THE COUCH of the McTurk is now taking on form, not to say a certain grace. Our hero is very careful about the alignment of that U. S. on the blanket. "In my bed," he says, "everything's got to be poifect. I got to have the right temperature and the right alernment. Otherwise I toin and twist all night, which is bad for me figure. And me mental upkeep."

THE WORK is approaching its end, and McTurk is as happy as a clam or a pig in—What's that you said, Mac? Making beds always reminds you of the time you were in a hotel and along came the house-dick and he said . . . ? Sorry, can't hear a word.

A CAREFUL workman like McTurk always goes whole hog on a job, and if anyone ever could go whole hog it's Mac. He hasn't been this close to a floor since the last night he slept under a taproom table. Those of our readers who appreciate the beautiful will delight in the curve McTurk's stomach forms upon the floor. Photographs of said gut, suitable for framing, can be secured from our office. Price, one old cigar butt, so that we can keep our subject happy.

"THIS BED," muses McTurk, "is too attractive to be slept in. I'm going to keep it voigin." Whereupon he takes to the floor. He feels at home there, the only thing lacking being a table over his head. Goodnight, Mac, sweet dreams of Staten Island attend you.

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DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

You should. You grew up with him.

Threw spitballs at him.

Yanked his hair.

Sometimes you gave him a bloody nose. Sometimes he gave you a black eye. But he was your pal.

Maybe he came from the steel town of Pittsburgh, where they eat shredded nails for breakfast.

Maybe he came from the Corn Belt, where they plow by hand when the horses get tired.

Maybe he came from the wheat lands of Kansas, where they walk twenty miles to the nearest drugstore.

He could have come from any of these places, because his address is U. S. A.

Then there was a war. You and he joined the army on the same day. You did KP together, marched together for three months.

And where is he now?

He might be anywhere from the Australian Bush to the jungles of India. Joe's changed a lot since you first met him.

Sure, you'd like to hear from Joe. So would we. That's why YANK correspondents are following him to the end of this cockeyed world to get his story.

And that's why you don't want to miss a single issue of YANK. That's why you'll read YANK from cover to cover.

YANK is strictly G.I. Permission was granted by the War Department for enlisted men to set up their own paper, edit it, publish it. YANK is the result. It is financed by the nickel you pay for your copy, you and every other G.I.; every line of it is written by enlisted men. YANK has no circulation outside the Army. It is for soldiers, by soldiers, the only soldier paper that covers every battlefront, with soldier reporters. YANK is the only paper that can give you the straight stuff on your pal, Joe, no matter where he is.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS MAN—HE'S GOING PLACES!

To receive your copy of YANK every week, simply fill out this coupon, mail it with 75 cents to YANK, The Army Newspaper, U.S.A., and we'll send you 26 issues—one every week for six months.

Full Name and Rank _____ *A.S.N.*

Army Address _____

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SPORTS

ARMY ALL-STAR linemen get first workout under Col. Bob Neyland's fat assistant coach, Herman Hickman (left) at Yale's athletic field in New Haven.

Will the Lieutenant Please Help Me Flatten That Wing Back, Sir?

By Sgt. Harry Brown
Yank Staff Writer

NEW HAVEN—Maybe Col. Bob Neyland and Major Wallace Wade, commanding officers of the Army All-Star football squad, don't realize it yet but it seems as though they are going to have a problem on their hands—a problem no gridiron coach ever faced before in the history of the great American autumn pastime.

Boiled down to simple terms over a small gas range that we keep in a corner of the office for the purpose of boiling things down to simple terms, the problem amounts to this:

Quite a Problem

How are you going to run a football team with lieutenants, tech sergeants, staff sergeants, sergeants, corporals and privates playing the eleven positions at the same time?

Can a private line up in a huddle and tell a staff sergeant that he better take out that end on this next reverse, or else? How will a corporal, playing quarterback, order a lieutenant to carry the ball through that 220-pound guard's position again? It just isn't done.

Perhaps the matter can be explained by the following little drama, which, incidentally, is not copyrighted and may be presented before church groups and Y.W.C.A. gatherings at no extra charge:

Imagine a game between the Army All-Stars and the New York Giants. It's the end of the first quarter, Army's ball on their own 20 yard line and the team is in a huddle.

The Left Tackle (a private): Say, they's a hole like the Holland Tunnel right opposite me, right where I'm squatting in me cleats. What say we shoot something through it?

The Center (A Top Sergeant): Sounds O.K. to me. I'll write out a recommendation. (He writes). How's this sound? (He reads).

To: Team Captain.
Subject: Offensive against enemy right flank.
1. Pvt. Goon, returning from reconnaisance, says that the enemy right tackle is a push-over. Respectfully suggest that the captain stage an immediate offensive in that direction.
2. Indorsement requested.
I. KAPALEWITSZSHTYZ,
1st Sgt., Center.

That sound O.K.?

The Left Tackle: Sounds O.K. to me, sarge.

(The Center passes the note to the Team Captain, who reads it and nods.)

The Team Captain: Good idea. Anybody got a pencil? (The center passes the pencil to him, and the Captain writes busily for a few seconds, under the original note). This should do it. (He reads).

1st. Ind.
FROM: Team Captain, All-Army Team, September 12, 1942. TO: 1st Sergeant, All-Army Team.
Suggestion accepted.
JACK PRATT, Team Captain,
2nd Lieut., C. E.

All right, men, let's smack 'em.

The Umpire: Sorry, boys, too long in the huddle. That'll cost you five yards. (He moves the ball from the 20 yard stripe to the 15. The stripes, of course, are made of red tape.)

We don't know, but we have a feeling that things are going to go on like that all afternoon. We're not taking any bets yet, though.

ROCKINGHAM GIVES $75,000

SALEM, N. H.—The first horse racing doubleheader ever staged gave the Army and Navy Emergency Relief Societies $75,000 at Rockingham Park. Fifteen races, six in the morning and nine in the afternoon, attracted 25,000 spectators who wagered nearly a million bucks.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE
(Aug. 10)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Newark	71	47	.602	Baltimore	59	60	.496
Jersey City	61	53	.535	Buffalo	60	62	.492
Toronto	60	59	.504	Syracuse	60	62	.492
Montreal	60	60	.500	Rochester	47	75	.385

Western Army Grid Stars Start Work

CAMP COOKE, Cal. — Major Wallace Wade, the former Duke mastermind, is thumbing his way through a squad of more than 80 ex-pro and college football stars and selecting the western Army All-Star team that will meet the Washington Redskins in the Los Angeles Coliseum Aug. 30 for the benefit of the Army Relief Fund.

There is plenty of great gridiron material here — passers, kickers, blockers and linemen galore—but Wade hardly has time to learn their last names, let alone mould them into a smooth-functioning machine capable of stopping the Redskins.

But still the Major is optimistic. Any coach with Johnny Kimbrough of Texas A. and M. and Don Scott of Ohio State on the premises would naturally feel rather cheerful.

Among the other soldiers who will represent the Army All-Stars in the West are Marion Pugh and Kay Eakin of the New York Giants, Hal Van Every and Herman Rohrig of the Green Bay Packers, Jimmy Nelson of Alabama and Ben Kish of Pittsburgh and the Brooklyn Dodgers, who has been transferred from the eastern squad.

KEO NAKAMA AND BILL SMITH cleaned up the A.A.U. titles.

Hawaiian Schoolboy Smashes Three National A.A.U. Swimming Records

NEW LONDON, Conn.—A couple of human fish from Hawaii, Bill Smith and Keo Nakama, and Ohio State's well rounded team completely dominated the annual National A. A. U. men's swimming championships, at Ocean Park's 55-yard pool.

Smith won three individual free style titles, two of them in world record time and the third setting a new American mark. Nakama shattered the mile record and finished close behind Smith in two of his record-breaking triumphs.

Ohio State Beats Yale

Ohio State captured the team title mainly through the efforts of Nakama, a sophomore, with 51 points. Yale, the indoor champion, was second with 37.

Smith won the 440-yard free-style in 4:39.6, a full second lower than Jack Medica's world record set in 1934; the 880-yard free-style in 9:54.6, 13 seconds better than Ralph Flanagan's seven-year-old world standard, and the 220-yard free-style in 2:10.7, nearly three seconds better than Otto Jaretz' American record of 1940.

Nakama lapped the rest of the field twice in winning the mile in 20:29, more than 28 seconds better than the accepted record of Medica, which also was set in 1934. The pint-sized Hawaiian, who last year won the 880 also, lost this title by inches to Smith, but also bettered Flanagan's world mark by a big margin.

Big League Con Can't Pitch for the Minors

SALEM, Ore.—A lifer in for murder almost broke into minor league baseball without breaking out of the clink.

The inmate, Keith (Big Luke) Cross, veteran of 11 years on the Oregon State prison baseball team, got an o.k. from his warden to get out of jail long enough to pitch home games for the Salem Senators in the Western International League.

But Judge W. G. Bramham, high commissioner of the minor leagues, won't let a man serving a prison term play ball even if he is allowed to come and go for the purpose.

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SPORTS: HITLER CAN'T ANNOY DUROCHER AND EXPECT TO STAY HEALTHY

BY CPL. JOE McCARTHY

Adolf Hitler played a dirty trick on the baseball fans in the Polo Grounds the other night.

Get the picture. The park is jammed with 57,305 spectators, partly because the game is for the Army Relief Fund but mostly because the Giants are playing the Dodgers with Van Lingle Mungo, the former Greenpernt eccentric himself, back from the minors wearing a New York uniform and pitching his heart out against Old Alma Mater. What more could anyone ask?

Well, Van Lingle hasn't got as much fire as he had in the days when the male half of the adagio dancing team chased him out of the Dodger training camp in Havana, but he is doing all right, except for a couple of homers by Dixie Walker and Dolph Camilli. Still, the Bums are leading 7 to 4 behind the pitching of Whit Wyatt who has managed to keep his 11 hits well scattered.

Build Up to An Awful Let Down

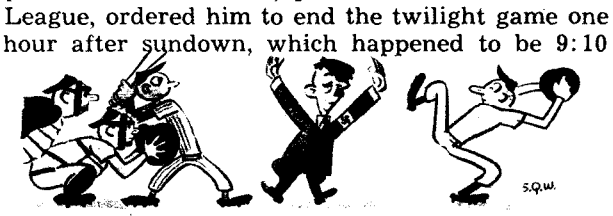
But now it is the last of the ninth. The Giants have Werber and Ott on the bases and there are none out and Babe Young, who has already knocked one home run out of the park, is at bat. The 57,305 fans are in a frenzy. It is probably one of the most dramatic baseball moments of the season.

So what happens?

Before Wyatt has a chance to throw the next pitch, Umpire George Barr stops the game. The lights go out and Fred Waring runs on the field with his orchestra and glee club and starts "The Star Spangled Banner."

The stunned fans wondered if Fred Waring was going to run for Ott. Then they realized his "Star Spangled Banner" meant that baseball was over for the night.

Whose fault was it? Nobody could blame Umpire Barr. Ford Frick, president of the National League, ordered him to end the twilight game one hour after sundown, which happened to be 9:10



P.M., the time when the Giants were in the middle of their crucial rally.

And you couldn't blame Ford Frick, either, because he was only obeying the Army law which forbids bright lights one hour after sundown along the Atlantic coast line.

And you can't blame the Army. Far be it for the Army to go around spoiling ball games at the Polo Grounds. The Army enjoys a ball game at the Polo Grounds as much as the next fellow, if not more so.

Schickelgruber Is the Culprit

But it must dim-out the City of New York at night so that the shoreline glow won't make it easy for Nazi U-Boats to torpedo Allied shipping off Long Island and the Jersey Coast.

So that brings the blame down to the U-Boats and everybody knows that the officers and men in those submarines would much rather be home in Hamburg eating hamburgers with light beer or in Frankfort-am-Main munching frankforts with dark beer. But Hitler keeps them off the Jersey Coast.

The whole deplorable situation is therefore the fault of that charming fellow, Adolf Hitler. It is bad enough for Hitler to change the map of Europe and to egg the Japanese into changing the map of Asia but when he walks into the Polo Grounds and stops the game in the middle of the ninth inning when the Giants are about to tie the score with the Dodgers—well, that's carrying things just a little bit too far.

That was no isolated instance, either. The dim-out rule stopped a close battle between the Dodgers

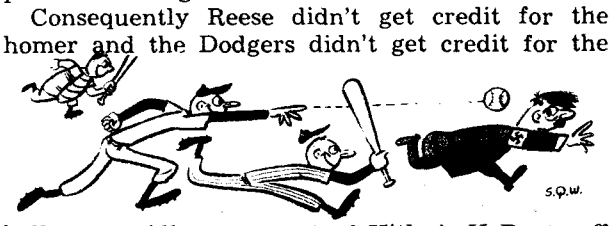
Pee Wee Reese's homer didn't count—because of Hitler.

and the Cardinals the previous week in Brooklyn before the end of the seventh inning, the very next night after the Van Lingle Mungo-Army Relief show, another Giant-Bum contest was halted in the tenth.

Adolf Better Lay Off Brooklyn

The Durocher University students were robbed by Hitler in this last game. The score was tied 1 to 1 when Pee Wee Reese smashed a homer inside the park with the bases loaded in the tenth. But the time elapsed and the game was called before the side was retired, so the score reverted back to the previous inning's tied score.

Consequently Reese didn't get credit for the homer and the Dodgers didn't get credit for the



ball game. All on account of Hitler's U-Boats off the Jersey Coast.

The next day in Flatbush several indignant citizen groups demanded that a second front be opened immediately.

It seems as though Hitler is biting off more than he can chew when he starts annoying the Dodgers like this. Somebody ought to tell him to lay off Brooklyn, if he wants to keep his health. Doesn't he know that Larry MacPhail borrowed a car and drove into Germany after the 1918 armistice to kidnap the Kaiser and almost succeeded?

And Lord help him if Durocher gets mad and starts broadcasting short wave to Germany.

League Gives G. I.'s Baseball Equipment

NEW YORK—The major leagues have given the armed forces more than $130,000 worth of baseball equipment so far this season.

The Bat and Ball Fund, directed by President Ford Frick of the National League and Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators, bought balls, bats, masks, gloves, shin guards and rule books with receipts from the major league All-Star game and donations from clubs and baseball writers.

Catchers Get Special Kit

This equipment was divided into 7,700 "A" kits, each with 12 baseballs, three bats and a rule book, and 650 "B" kits (catcher's glove, mask, shin and chest protectors) and distributed among the nine Service Commands.

The kits were allotted on a percentage basis. The Fourth Service Command — formerly called the Fourth Corps Area—received 1,350 kits, for instance, because it has the largest population. The Second Service Command, the smallest of the nine districts, only got 300 kits.

Foul Balls Join Service

The armed forces have also received this season 500 dozen balls, returned by fans after being fouled into the stands. Baseball's biggest contribution to the war effort, of course, has been financial assistance from games played especially for Army and Navy relief.

By the end of the season, the two major leagues expect to give at least $500,000 to needy families of service men. They are working on a plan to help the Red Cross, U.S.O. and relief funds, too, with proceeds from the World Series.

Ortiz Wins Bantam Title From Salica by Decision

HOLLYWOOD — Manuel Ortiz, 25-year-old Mexican ex-bean picker from El Centro, Cal., won the world's bantamweight championship from Lou Salica of New York in a 12-round bout here.

The long-armed Ortiz, who three years ago dropped a ten-rounder to the champion, had sweet revenge, winning every round but the first from the veteran New Yorker.

VON CRAMM PLAYS AGAIN

VICHY—Gottfried Von Cramm, one-time German tennis star once sent to prison by Hitler on a morals charge, has been permitted to resume his tennis activity after seeing service with troops on the eastern front, according to the Paris Midi.

Garden Will Scrap Jinx Bowl to Jinx Germans

NEW YORK — Madison Square Garden's Long Island "Jinx" Bowl will be uprooted and melted into bullets, guns, tanks and other weapons of war. The Garden decided not to renew its ten-year lease which ends Jan. 1, 1943, so the place will be scrapped.

Built in 1932 by the Garden for its outdoor boxing shows, the bowl became a jinx for champions defending their titles. The last fight held there was the Henry Armstrong-Barney Ross affair in 1938.

TEXAS LEAGUE
(Aug. 10)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Beaumont	68	49	.581	San Antonio	62	59	.512
Ft. Worth	67	54	.554	Tulsa	62	61	.504
Houston	66	54	.550	Okla. City	50	73	.407
Shreveport	66	54	.550	Dallas	41	78	.345

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION
(Aug. 10)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Little Rock	68	50	.576	Atlanta	62	60	.508
Nashville	66	56	.541	Birmingham	60	59	.504
Memphis	63	57	.525	Chattanooga	52	67	.437
New Orleans	60	58	.508	Knoxville	48	72	.400

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
(Aug. 10)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Los Angeles	79	50	.612	San Francisco	64	65	.496
Sacramento	76	55	.580	Oakland	61	70	.466
Seattle	70	60	.538	Hollywood	58	74	.439
San Diego	67	65	.508	Portland	46	82	.359

LEAGUE LEADERS
(As of Aug. 10)

BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
Williams, Boston	104	364	92	124	.341
Gordon, New York	99	365	56	124	.340
Wright, Chicago	69	237	38	80	.338
Spence, Washington	102	431	65	142	.329
Doerr, Boston	98	374	47	122	.326

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Reiser, Brooklyn	87	341	71	117	.343
Lombardi, Boston	81	225	23	74	.329
Medwick, Brooklyn	105	399	54	130	.326
Musial, St. Louis	93	310	61	99	.319
Slaughter, St. Louis	104	409	66	129	.315

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	24	Mize, Giants	19
Laabs, Browns	21	Ott, Giants	18
Keller, Yankees	17	Camilli, Dodgers	17

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	101	Mize, Giants	75
DiMaggio, Yanks	77	Medwick, Dodgers	75
Stephens, Br'ns	77	Slaughter, Cards	71

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Reiser Again Leads League Hitters

But Williams Has Closer Fight Trying to Defend Batting Crown

NEW YORK—It looks as though Pete Reiser of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox, the 1941 batting champions of the major leagues, will finish on top again this season.

Reiser has a comfortable margin over his leading rival, Ernie Lombardi of the Boston Braves, and should romp in easily ahead of the National League hitters. The Dodger center fielder in the latest averages was hitting .343, compared to Lombardi's .330.

American League Fight Close

Williams is having a much tougher time repeating in the junior circuit. The lanky Red Sox outfielder, who last season hit over .400, is not anywhere near that terrific pace. He and Joe Gordon of the Yankees have been waging a fight all season with the lead changing hands almost every week.

Though he's having a tussle to retain his batting crown, Williams appears to be a cinch to win the home runs, runs batted in and runs scored titles. He is the only major leaguer to have batted in over a 100 tallies thus far.

French, Borowy Lead Pitchers

Larry French of the Dodgers with a 11 and 1 record tops the National pitchers in percentage. Clyde Passeau of the Cubs has won the most games, 15.

In the American League, Rookie Hank Borowy of the Yankees has won 10 games while losing one for percentage leadership, while Tex Hughson of the Red Sox and Phil Marchildon of the A's have each won 13 to lead in victories.

When it comes to team averages, the Dodgers lead all National League clubs in both hitting and fielding to show why they are running away with the pennant race. The Brooklyn batting average is .268, three points higher than the Cardinals. In fielding, the Bums have a percentage of .976.

The Yankees trail the Red Sox in American League team batting, .267 to .272, but the World Champions are tops in the field with .976.

STEALS HOME FOR ONLY RUN—Don Kalloway, White Sox second baseman, steals home with the only run in the ball game to beat Detroit, 1-0. Parsons, Tiger catcher, watches from ground, helpless and disgusted.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS

WASHINGTON — John R. Busick, sports publicity director, will succeed Bill Reinhart, now a lieutenant commander in the Navy, as athletic director of George Washington U. Busick, only 28 years old, is a former Washington sports writer. . . . Mrs. Fred W. Evans and Joe Wilson of Kenwood Country Club shot an 80 over the Manor Country Club course to win the annual District Golf Association Mixed Scotch Foursome tournament.

CHICAGO—Lou Novikoff is showing the stuff that won him three successive minor league batting titles with the Cubs this season. The Mad Russian, after a slow start, is hitting around the .315 mark. . . . Amos Alonzo Stagg, 80-year old College of Pacific coach, will return to Chicago to present George Franck with the most valuable player award of last year's College All-Star game. It will be the first all-star game Stagg ever has seen.

BUFFALO—Leo Burns retained the Knights of Columbus golf title for the second straight year by shooting an 81 to top a field of 119 entries. . . . Arnold Febrey used a seven iron to ace the 170-yard ninth hole at the Grover Cleveland Country Club.

RENO—Jimmy Aiken, coach of Nevada U.'s gridsters, lost eight of his lettermen to the armed forces but still expects to have a banner year with a big crop of frosh and six regulars back from 1941. . . . Blondy's Bar won the Sagebrush Baseball League title, defeating the Giants Shop in the finals, 14 to 7. . . . Frank Archuleta of the Pattersons is leading the American softball loop hitters with a .631 average.

MEMPHIS—L. P. Miles, Jr. swamped Lee Saunders by a 10 and 9 score to win the Chickasaw Country men's title. . . . Doc Protho pulled one for the books when he had a pitcher, Frankie Veverka, lead off his batting order against Atlanta in a Southern Association game.

CLEVELAND — Lem Franklin, who was being boomed for a title shot at Cpl. Joe Louis six months ago, has quit the ring after several successive setbacks. . . . Mary Johnson of Mayfield won the seventh annual Tyler Trophy with an 80-79-159 over her home course.

Old King Carl Still Mows Batters Down

NEW YORK—Carl Hubbell, one of the greatest hurlers in the history of baseball, is still the old "Meal Ticket" for the New York Giants despite his 39 years and aging left arm.

Hub was apparently all washed up at the halfway mark of this campaign when he had won only one game while dropping six. His roommate and pal of many years, Manager Mel Ott, seldom called on him to start on the mound.

Then Cliff Melton, the club's ace hurler, came down with a sore elbow. Ott chose King Carl to fill the bill for his needed additional starting pitcher.

Working in regular turn against the toughest opposition, Hubbell

has come through with six straight victories, five of them complete games. His first victory over the Cincinnati Reds on the Giants' recent road trip halted a losing streak for the New Yorkers and started them on the way to a battle for third place.

Melton is now definitely out for the season and must have his left elbow operated on for the removal of several chips, but the Giant hurling problems are not nearly so gloomy with Hubbell showing his old form.

The blazing speed which Hubbell used to fan Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bill Dickey, Al Simmons, Joe Cronin and Jimmy Foxx in succession in the 1933 all-star game isn't there any more. But his famous screwball and wonderful control are keeping him rolling along.

SPORT SHORTS

The Washington Redskins have signed 305-pound **Milburn (Tiny) Croft** to a contract. Croft, the former Ripon (Wis.) College tackle star, is the largest rookie ever to play in the National League. . . . Newly commissioned lieutenants at the Army Air Force administration school at Miami are **Allan Tolmich**, former Wayne hurdler, and **Chuck Fenske**, Wisconsin's mile record holder. . . . Another track star, is **Louis Zamperini** of Southern California fame, is studying to be a bombardier. . . . **Ernie Nevers**, Pop Warner's great fullback at Stanford, is a first looie in the Air Force, too.

HANK GREENBERG signs the enlisted men's pay roll for the last time before getting his commission as an Air Force lieutenant.

Harry Bobo, Pittsburgh's high ranking heavyweight, has been barred from fighting in Pennsylvania by the boxing commission because he is blind in one eye. This killed the impending Bobo-Bob Pastor fight scheduled for Pittsburgh in September. . . . **Frank Demaree**, 31-year-old outfielder who once was a Chicago Cubs hero, has been unconditionally released by the Boston Braves. Demaree hit .216 last season and this year in 187 trips to the plate owned a meager .225 average.

Tom Sharkey, onetime middleweight champion of the Atlantic Fleet, is back in the Navy as a ship's cook, second class. . . . **Bill Hargiss**, assistant coach at Kansas U., joined the staff of the Brooklyn grid Dodgers as end coach and chief scout.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF AUGUST 10TH)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	8	13	8	11	15	9	10	74	33	.692	—
St. Louis	8	—	6	13	8	8	11	11	65	40	.619	8
Cincinnati	5	7	—	7	8	6	14	10	57	50	.533	17
New York	6	6	10	—	10	10	7	9	58	51	.532	17
Pittsburgh	4	5	3	7	—	7	10	12	48	55	.466	24
Chicago	4	4	8	8	7	—	8	11	50	61	.450	26
Boston	4	6	4	5	6	10	—	10	45	65	.409	30
Phila.	2	4	6	3	5	5	6	—	31	73	.298	41
Games lost	33	40	50	51	55	61	65	73	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	St. Louis	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	7	11	12	10	13	9	9	71	35	.670	—
Boston	4	—	9	8	12	9	9	8	59	47	.557	12
Cleveland	6	7	—	7	5	8	12	15	60	49	.550	12½
St. Louis	6	9	6	—	7	8	8	12	56	56	.500	18
Detroit	7	6	8	9	—	6	7	10	53	60	.469	21½
Chicago	5	7	5	4	8	—	10	9	48	55	.466	21½
Wash'gton	3	4	5	10	10	4	—	7	43	61	.413	27
Phila.	4	7	5	6	8	7	6	—	43	70	.381	31½
Games lost	35	47	49	56	60	55	61	70	—	—		

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Atlantic Crossing

These pictures were taken by Sgt. Dave Breger, Yank cartoonist, heading overseas with Tech. Sgt. Burgess Scott, staff correspondent. The one above shows how ingenious soldiers on this transport kept off the cold salt winds by nailing their shelter halves to the deck. GI pegs didn't help here. Uncover those bundles between the pup tents and you'd find the individualists. In the photo at right the soldier in the center was probably cleaning his "best friend" for the second time that day. Salt air keeps a rifle in a fine state of rust. Others loaf on deck or hang on the rail, enviously watch the porpoises playing in the rough sea. Incidentally, Sgt. Breger is back in the paper with a cartoon—see page 11.

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